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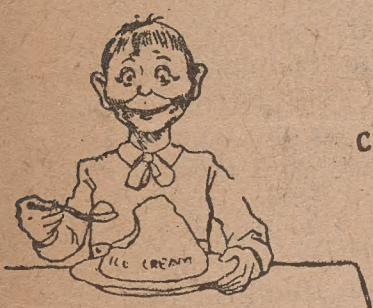
BOSTON, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1901.

NO. 11.

A THANKSGIVING DREAM.

BY JOE LINCOLN.

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I'm pretty nearly certain that 'twas 'bout two weeks ago,
It might be more, or p'raps 'twas less, but, anyhow, I know
'Twas on the night I ate the four big saucers of ice cream
That I dreamed jest the horriest, most awful, worstest dream.
I dreamed that 'twas Thanksgiving, and I saw our table laid
With every kind of goody that, I guess, was ever made;
With turkey, and with puddin, and with everything, —but gee!
'Twas dreadful, 'cause they was alive and set and looked at me.

And then a great big gobbler, that was on a platter there,
He stood up on his drumsticks, and he says, "You boy, take care!
For if, Thanksgiving Day, you taste my dark meat or my white
I'll creep up to your bedroom in the middle of the night;
I'll throw off all the blankets, and I'll pull away the sheet,
I'll prance and dance upon you with my prickly, tickly feet,
I'll kick you, and I'll pick you, and I'll screech, "Remember me!"
Beware, my boy! Take care, my boy!" that gobbler says, says he.



And then a fat plum puddin kinder grunted like and said:
"I'm round and hot and steamin, and I'm heavier than lead,
And if you dare to eat me, boy, upon Thanksgiving Day,
I'll come at night and tease you in a frightful sort of way.
I'll thump you, and I'll bump you, and I'll jump up high and fall
Down on your little stomach like a sizzlin cannon ball:

I'll hound you, and I'll pound you, and I'll screech, "Remember me!"
Beware, my boy! Take care, my boy!" that puddin says, says he.

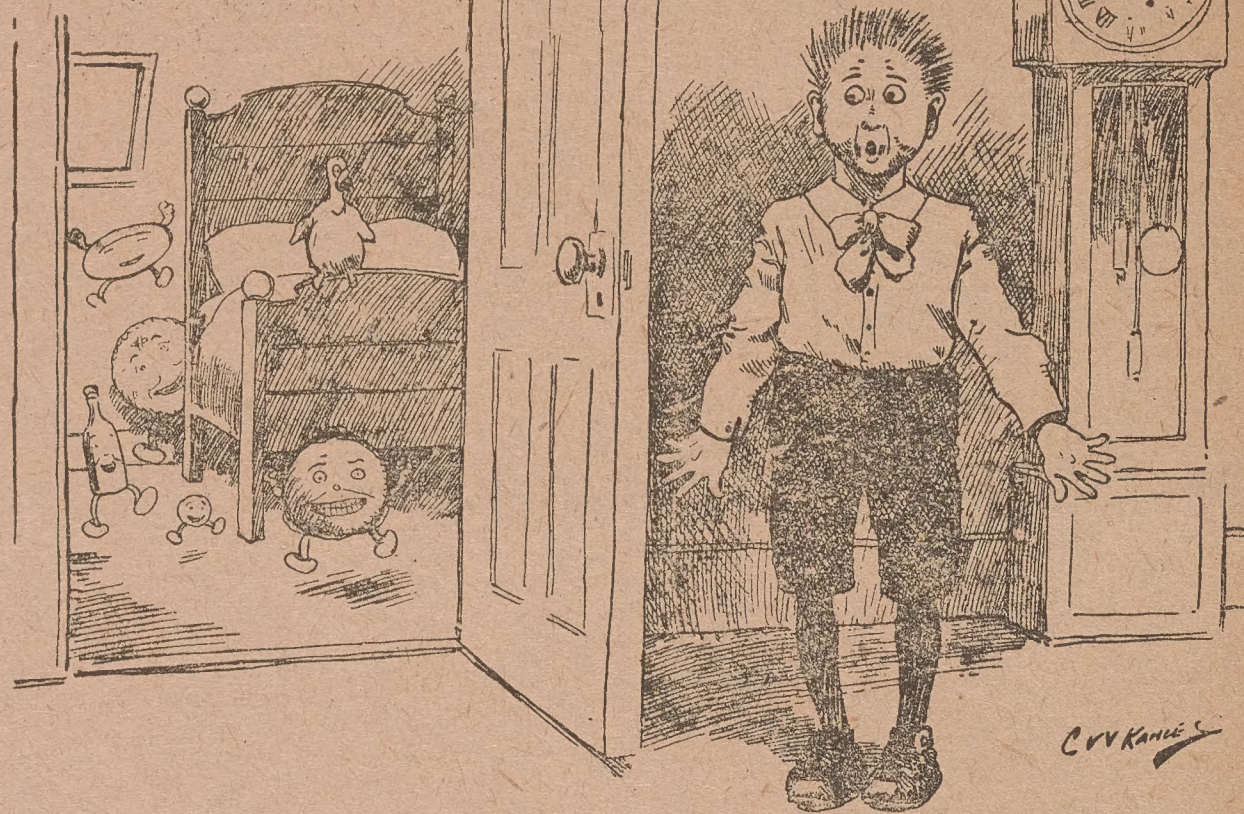


And then, soon as the puddin stopped, a crusty old mince pie
Jumped from its plate and glared at me and winked its little eye.
"You boy," it says, "Thanksgivin Day, don't dare to touch a slice
Of me, fer if you do I'll come and cramp you like a vise.
I'll root you, and I'll boot you, and I'll twist you till you squeal,
I'll stand on edge and roll around your stomach like a wheel,
I'll hunch you, and I'll punch you, and I'll screech, "Remember me!"

* * * * *

I don't know what came after that, 'cause I woke up, you see.

You wouldn't believe that talk like that one ever could forget,
But, say! terday's Thanksgiving, and I've et, and et, and et!
And when I'd stuffed jest all I could, I jumped and gave a scream,
'Cause, all at once, when 'twas too late, I 'membered 'bout that dream.
And now it's almost bedtime, and I oughter say my prayers
And tell the folks "Good night" and go a-pokin off up stairs,
But, oh, my sakes! I dasn't, 'cause I know them things'll be
All hidin somewheres round my bed and layin there fer me.



A TRAMP'S THANKSGIVING.

BY PETER M'ARTHUR.

[Copyright, 1900, by P. McArthur.]

After all, Harry Benton was not so much to blame as his wearied friends and relatives thought he was. He had been spoiled as a child and as a boy, so it naturally followed that he was an entirely unhappy young man. His college education made him feel that he was above doing drudgery, and as he had never learned self denial or patience he could

not endure such work as he was fitted for. In consequence he looked to his friends and relatives for help until they wearied of lending money and using their influence to get him positions that he either could or would not hold. And he, instead of being thankful for what had been done for him, thought himself abused because there was no great and good friend who would make life easy for him.

At last a family council was held at which it was decided that the only thing for Harry to do was to go west and grow up with the country. Some one knew a ranchman who would give him employment, and a purse was made up to send Harry west. He took to the scheme enthusiastically and imagined for himself a glorious career of hunting big game and living the wild free life of the plains. He had read fascinating stories of cowboy

life and remembered how much he had enjoyed camping out during his college holidays. So he felt quite satisfied regarding his future when his friends provided him with what he needed and started him on his journey. He did not realize that they were simply applying the old maxim that says, "Make a bridge of gold for a flying enemy." He did not know that every one who felt any interest in his welfare or felt any responsibility regarding him heaved a mighty sigh of relief when they saw that he was really gone.

"Perhaps he'll get wakened up out there," they said to one another. "Anyway, he is off our hands." And they all sighed again.

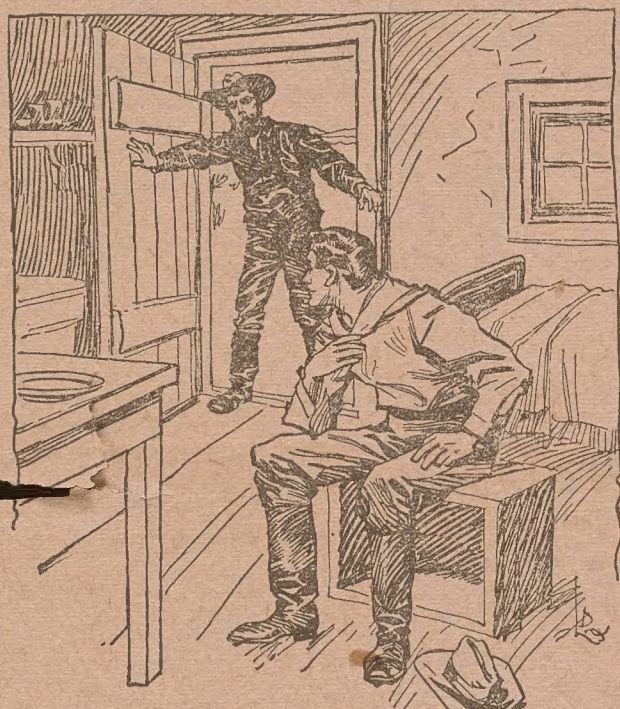
Harry reached the ranch in safety and promptly began to make discoveries with alarming rapidity. To begin with, he found that the business instinct prevails on the modern ranch as much as it does on Broadway. Ranches are now run for the purpose of raising beef that must be carefully attended to from the veal stage until the time when it is shipped east to the big slaughter houses if the ranchman wishes to make a profit. So Harry found himself called upon to do harder and more menial service than had ever fallen to his lot before. And as he took no pains to conceal his dislike for the work he immediately became the butt of the ranch. Every trick known to the practical humorists of the plains was tried on the spoiled boy from the east until his life became unendurable and his disposition was such that instead of bearing it all good naturedly and making friends with the plainmen he became embittered and consequently was hazed more unmercifully than ever. When he had endured this life as long as he could, he finally sat down and wrote to each old friend in the east who might be expected to help him, asking for enough money to take him back home. He wrote letters that would draw tears from a stone, but, strange to say, they only made his old friends shrug their shoulders and murmur something that sounded suspiciously like "root hog or die." He asked that the money be sent to him at the nearest postoffice on the railroad, and when a sufficient time had elapsed for the replies to be due he got up early one morning and ran away from the ranch. It was 60 miles to the station and post office, but he was young and strong and he covered the distance without accumulating more than the usual number of water blisters.

Although he did not know the fact at first, he learned after his arrival that it

lined himself to cursing inwardly all the friends he had ever had. And whenever he remembered that it was Thanksgiving day he laughed wildly and then returned to his cursing.

Naturally he was not fit to associate with any one when in such a mood, and he rushed out of the little town as if it were peopled with demons instead of the usual mixture of good and bad fellow mortals. Tired and footsore as he was, he was so lashed by his anger that he hurried away along the railway track as if he had a purpose in life instead of being utterly hopeless. He had walked miles and miles before he began to calm down, and then he noticed that he was passing through one of those desolate reaches where an arm of the great desert stretches out through the fertile plains. But the desolate, barren landscape accorded well with his state of mind. He felt that he hated all mankind, and this inhospitable region seemed admirably suited to a misanthrope. But as the false energy of his anger began to die down he began to weakly pity himself and think himself the most abused being in all the wide world. The loneliness grew upon him, and in his wretchedness the tears came to his eyes, and he almost cried aloud, for, after all, he was little more than a boy.

At last he felt so weak and tired that he sat down on the side of the track and wished that he might die out in this desert. Although he still had some of the food left that he had taken with him from the ranch, he could not eat. While he sat there brooding on his misery the Thanksgiving day sun began to get low in the west. But at last his bitter reverie was broken by a sound that recurred



THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN.

regularly and gradually came nearer. At first he thought it was the cry of some bird or beast, but at last it became distinct and unmistakable.

"Daddy! Daddy!" And each time the call was followed by a pitiful wail.

To hear a human voice in the midst of this desolation was surprising, but that the voice should be that of a child was incredible. At last a half clad little girl ran out from among the bushes that skirted the railway track and once more cried piteously:

"Daddy! Daddy!"

It was all right to hate all mankind, but to hate a little child was different. And he was so miserable that he could not help feeling sympathy.

"What is the matter?" he asked, rising to his feet. The little girl stopped crying from sheer terror and backed away toward the bushes.

"Well, what is the matter?" he asked.

"I want my daddy," she whimpered and started to cry again.

"Where is your daddy?" he asked in the most coaxing voice he could assume.

"He's lost. Elsie and I want him. And we're afraid of twamps."

Harry felt his face flaming with a blush of shame. For the first time he realized how low he had sunk. He was nothing more than a tramp. It was almost a minute before he could speak, and when he did his voice broke with a sob.

"Can't I help—help you to find your daddy?"

With the quick tuition of childhood the little girl saw that she had nothing to fear, and she came toward him.

"Daddy has gone away, and Elsie and I are hungry," she said.

"But where is your mother?"

"She's sleeping away over dere under the big tree," and the little girl pointed

toward a scrub tree that looked big on a landscape of bushes.

"Sleeping?"

"Yes; and daddy says if we are good we'll see her some day."

He understood instantly, and then he asked:

"But where is Elsie?"

"She is in the house, and she is crying too."

"Will you take me to Elsie?"

The little girl looked at him doubtfully; then she took the hand he stretched

toward her. She led him to a path through the bushes, and as they walked along she told him that after giving them breakfast her daddy had gone away to get them "T'anksgiving" and had not come back. Presently they reached a little clearing in which stood a rough board house. The spot was evidently an oasis in the desert that had been cleared for a farm. In one of the fields there were several cows and a couple of horses that whinnied as they saw him. It sounded like a welcome. Then they began to hear Elsie crying. The little girl let go his hand and ran ahead. When he reached the door, he heard her telling Elsie that "a real nice tramp was coming to take care of them and get them something to eat." Again his face flamed with blushes, but he entered and began to search for food. In a little box cupboard he found a pan of milk and some bread, and he immediately took down the dishes and prepared them something to eat. While they ate he made friends with them, and his own hunger returned to him. He drank some of the milk and ate some of the bread, and that only made him more hungry. At last the older girl, who had told him that her name was Aggie, showed him a couple of prairie chickens that had been dressed as if for cooking and told him that their daddy was going to cook them for their "T'anksgiving" and make doughboys, but that he had gone away to get them more "T'anksgiving." But the memory of their daddy started them both crying again, and Harry hastened to comfort them. He told them that he could cook the chickens and make doughboys and that then their daddy would come back to them again. So he lit the fire in the stove and put the chickens in a pot to cook. They showed him where the spring was, and he brought in a pail of water and after finding the flour and soda began to make the doughboys which they evidently thought the greatest luxury in the world. His experience as a holiday camper stood him in good stead. While he worked the children talked to him.

"You are a nice twamp, ain't you?" Aggie volunteered as she became more friendly.

"Yes, yes. But don't talk about it. What kind of a man is your daddy?"

"He's just the best man," said Aggie decisively. "He made us that windmill on top of the house."

But at the mention of her daddy Elsie began to cry again, and Harry had his own private opinion of a man who could leave two babies of 4 and 6 years of age alone in a shack on the desert.

It was after nightfall before the chickens were cooked and the doughboys were perfect. Harry set the table and washed the two tear stained faces, and they all sat down to their Thanksgiving dinner. But when he started to serve Aggie exclaimed:

"Elsie hasn't said grace yet!"

They all bowed their heads, and the childish little voice babbled a prayer for a blessing on the mercies set before them. From that moment Harry felt no disquietude about the home coming of the father.

He helped the children liberally to the food while he kept them interested with lively talk, and then when they were satisfied he took them both on his knees and told them stories until they fell asleep. Then he put them both to bed and sat down to wait for their father. He was so taken up with the thought of the children and with wondering what could have happened to their father that he had no thought of his own troubles. Hour after hour passed, and he was beginning to doze away with weariness when he heard a rapidly approaching footstep. A moment later the door was flung open and a wildly disheveled and travel stained man rushed in.

"Where are my babies?" he cried.

"There in the bed," said Harry.

"Thank God!" the man exclaimed fer-

vently as he sank into a chair. He asked no questions about Harry's presence, but Harry immediately explained.

"May God bless you," the father exclaimed. "I feel that you have saved their lives and mine too." Then he told how he had left to go down to the nearest village to get some things for their Thanksgiving dinner. Instead of taking his team as he should have done he had gone to the railway crossing half a mile distant to take the morning express. By doing so he could have half an hour in the village and then take the return express to the crossing, being gone less

than two hours. All trains stop at the crossing, and he did not notice until after he had climbed aboard that the train he had boarded was a swift special, and it did not stop until it reached a station 50 miles away. They passed the train he intended to take on his return at a way station, and as there was no train coming that way before next morning he had walked and run the whole 50 miles back since morning. All the way he was tortured by the thought that when his babies got lonely they would wander out to hunt for him and get lost. And he thanked Harry again with overflowing gratitude.

While the starved man was eating what remained of the Thanksgiving dinner he explained how he had moved out to that desolate place in the hope that a town would grow up around the crossing and how his wife had died. Finally the two tired men went to bed, and for the first time in his life Harry felt his heart filled with a spirit of thankfulness, although on that very morning he had felt all the misery of bitterness against the whole world. He had learned that happiness comes not from the kindness that others do to us, but from the kindness that we do to others. For the first time in his life he realized that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and that was the first Thanksgiving day that he ever celebrated in the true spirit.

TURKEY AND PLUM PUDDING

A Thanksgiving Layout With a Football Attachment.



HAT the man who doesn't eat turkey on Thanksgiving day does not celebrate the day at all is an argument that no more needs elaboration than a pair of white canvas shoes need a patent

leather shine. There is no substitute for turkey. Caper gracefully over the entire gamut of food, look carefully and dispassionately through the calendar of tidbits, consult thoughtfully and reflectively the enchiridion of all that causes joy as it annexes the inner man, and you will find that that roast turkey never had and never will have an understudy. It stands alone, like the American eagle, with whom it collaborates for the general glory of the land of the free. It may not be a graceful thing to say that the city bookkeeper who was raised on a farm and whose people are still bobbing buoyantly over the choppy sea of the potato patch returns to the paternal roof-tree for the purpose of eating roast turkey on Thanksgiving day. And yet he would not be so happy if eating, for in-



"WELL, WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

was Thanksgiving day, and his first impulse was to feel thankful at the thought that he was about to be emancipated from the drudgery and slavery of the ranch. But these thoughts were dissipated as soon as he got his mail. He got half a dozen letters, but there was not a registered one in the bunch. But advice. There were pages on pages of the very best of advice. Again and again he was advised to grow up with the country and told how foolish it would be of him to return to the overpopulated east. When he had read the last letter of the interesting collection, he tore them into shreds and left the office in a fury. To see that the people he passed on the street were in holiday attire and to hear the ringing of the church bells made him frantic. He was in the mood to curse every one he met, but knew from experience that promiscuous cursing west of the Mississippi is likely to cause trouble. So he con-

stance, canned corned beef at the paternal board. Consequently it cannot be denied that the turkey has a rare magnetic influence that belongs to it and clings to it quite as tenaciously as does the onion's razor backed scent to the onion eater who would cast it rudely off. And it is this magnetic influence that, say what you will, does a great deal toward luring him back to the scenes of his youth, where he milked the knock-kneed Alderney to a finish when the east was effulgent with the kiss of dawn and the pancakes glimmered like the

golden wheels of Phoebus whirling through the ambient gate of day.

The football is another Thanksgiving institution which seems to fit the day because of its resemblance to a plum pudding—not a canned plum pudding, but one of these rotund, clock faced plum puddings that beam upon you like old friends and are eloquent in every raisin and soulful in every plum. A good coat of arms for Thanksgiving day would be the gobble lying upon his back upon the dish with a plum pudding shaped ovally like a football in its feet as if about to spin it as a circus acrobat does a barrel on his feet. It is a great pity that the turkey cannot feel the Thanksgiving joy that he supplies with so lavish a generosity. Headless and footless and with artificial internals, he is a melody and a dream from the wrapper to the very core. And now he is roosting on the bough lost in sweet forgetfulness and flitting in spirit over the playground of memory. The crisp wind causes the leaves to rustle weirdly, but he notes not this music that seems to come from the heart of nature. He sees the rosy apples dotting the sward ever and anon, and when he nods his classic head and his wattles clash like a pair of cymbals he continues to look as if peering across the pensive fields through the curtains of the past. Lucky for him that he doesn't look into the future and see himself the cynosure of all eyes and mouths, the center of the family circle whose smallest members are waiting patiently to break his frail and fragile wishbone while awaiting the appearance of the plum pudding.

That the turkey is the sole proprietor of Thanksgiving day there can be no doubt. Thanksgiving day was not made to give him a reason for existence, but he was probably hatched into the world to make a proper excuse for the invention of this grand American holiday, which was patented at Plymouth in 1620 and is still paying handsome royalties to the many descendants of its creator.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A PHILOSOPHER'S THANKSGIVING



A thankful spirit every man
Should daily try to cultivate,
And those who have a working plan
That other folks might emulate

Should let their light in public shine;
So humbly I uncover mine.

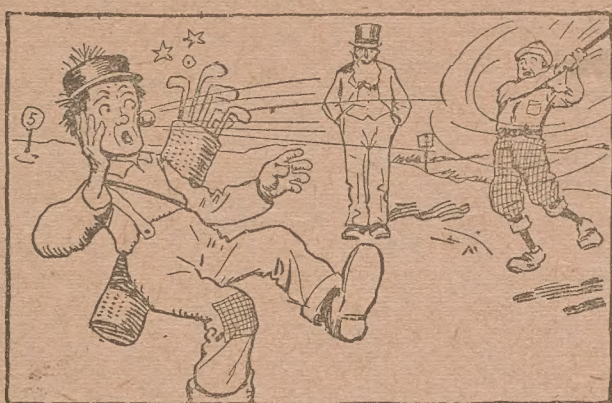
I think it very commonplace
To thank for blessings I have got
And feel it shows a better grace
To thank for things that I have not;
For I am happier, past a doubt,
Because of what I do without.

When there's a thing I cannot get,
I'm thankful that I cannot get it,
For when one's ways of life are set
New things are likely to upset it;
And frugal fare and quiet ways
Most merit philosophic praise.



I'm thankful I am not a king
And forced to bear a nation's worries,
Nor head of a commercial ring,
The victim of financial flurries,
And I am glad I'm not so poor
That I must beg from door to door.

I'm thankful I escaped the craze
• For nerves, appendicitis, golf;
While walking in unnoted ways
Gave carping fools no cause to scoff,
And I am likewise very glad
I've missed each literary fad.



I'm thankful that I have no land
To nourish weeds and yearly taxes,
I'm thankful I've no stock on hand
That daily wanes and seldom waxes,
And, though I've but a slender purse,
An empty one would be still worse.

But think not like the Pharisee
I'm thankful I am not like others;
The simple fact is I agree
With men I meet as with my brothers.
For this I'm thankful, but I guess
I give most thanks for thankfulness.

P. MAGRUDER.



THE ARMY BUMMER'S BIRD.

BY THE REGIMENTAL HISTORIAN.

If the United States government had issued rations of turkey, plum pudding and cranberry sauce, Jake Ardun would have foraged for his Thanksgiving feast just the same. Jake's capacity as a forager astonished the regiment, for even when campaigning in those war devastated regions of Virginia which the crows had learned to avoid he managed always to find a savory joint for his mess pot, and the officers themselves would often have gladly dined off the upturned cracker box in Jake's dog tent.

Now Thanksgiving day was coming, and the bummer must have his feast. No



"SEE HIM STAGGER?"

use to roam the country and brave the guerrillas in search of native birds to grace the Thanksgiving board. Jake knew better. He scented game nearer home.

One of the characters at brigade headquarters was an unenlisted attache who in a small way acted as purveyor for the headquarters mess. The officers were always ready to pay handsomely for any special delicacy he could provide. He was a foreigner, more greedy than cute and the occasion of no little amusement for the officers and men. On one of his trips north in the summer he brought back three or four young turkeys to raise on speculation. When the army traveled,

the coop was strapped behind a baggage wagon or in a pinch on the back of a mule which the thrifty fellow had picked up outside the lines.

Jake and the purveyor, whose surname, Small, was an exact definition of his stature and character, were cronies for revenue only. Jake often gathered a surplus on his raids, and Small relieved him of it at a mutual profit. By the use of flattery thickly laid on the bummer acquired a prospective interest in the young turkeys. It was a great scheme, he said, and he would help it out by giving points on the care of the birds until killing time. With one of the little turks he struck up an acquaintance, and it was soon known as Jake's pet. Every attention of the kind and every word of praise for his long headedness tickled Small, whom the officers affected to tolerate in camp.

November was upon us well into the second week. Corn was plenty in our camps at Falmouth, and the birds were growing fat. Jake was on hand daily to feed his pet from his own hand. Sunday found him putting in his leisure at Small's quarters, where the turkeys were under the eyes of the stable guards. At sundown, when giving his pet the evening feed, he said to Small:

"Here's a bad sign. See his stagger?"

"Why, he has done that before."

"So much the worse. I noticed it, but didn't want to scare you. The bird has the blind staggers."

"That's a horse disease."

"Turkeys get it, too; them from Maryland, where you got these."

"Do they die from it like horses?" asked Small in alarm.

"Yes, and what is more it is catching with turkeys. You may lose the lot."

"Then I'd better kill this one and save the rest."

"No, don't do that here. The scent of the blood will infect the others. When it is dark, let me take him in a bag and tie a stone to it and sink him in the river. Meanwhile you move the rest off this ground to the other side of the stables."

Jake took the pet to the river and tied a stone to it. But the stone had a long tether string and was not thrown into the river, but anchored in a cave hidden among the trees and vines along shore. The corn which he fed liberally was thrown on the ground, and, being free from whisky, the "staggers" at once disappeared. A party of amazed fellow bummer were entertained in the cave on Thanksgiving day, and there was a banquet at headquarters on the turks which Jake's good offices had saved for the occasion. Of course Small said nothing then of the "staggers" for fear of spoiling his long looked for profit. One turkey "had up and died" suddenly, that was all.

The Story of Deedie and the Robber Cat.

No only child belonging to a devoted human couple was ever more indulged—more "spoiled"—than was Deedie, the only kitten of Catsie and Roi. When they were fed, the two parent cats habitually stood back until they were sure that there was more than Deedie could eat, and in every way she was made to understand that they considered nothing too good for her. As this state of things is very apt to make human children willful and selfish it had to a certain degree this effect on Deedie. As far as affection for her parents went she was a model daughter—unhappy if either were long absent, basking in the affection of her big father and uniting with him in bestowing a matchless devotion on the little mother. But when food was given them, if it was something that needed to be divided into morsels, Deedie had a naughty habit of gathering them into a heap so she could crouch over the bits, drawing them singly from under her body to devour, while Catsie and Roi sat looking on, happy in her enjoyment. This used to put me

such rages with the little beast that I once caught her up, meaning to give her a good shaking, but she disarmed my wrath by beginning to purr as soon as she felt my grasp.

Roi often went a little way into the woods and came back bringing some choice tidbit for Deedie—sometimes a katydid or a big grasshopper, more often a chameleon, a kind of small lizard which in catdom seems to rank as the daintiest of morsels. One never to be forgotten day after he had gone on one of these little hunting excursions we heard firing in the woods, which was not an unusual occurrence, but when I went out later to feed my cat family I found Catsie and Deedie in apparent agitation which increased when I began to call Roi. They paid no attention to the food I offered them, but stood looking anxiously up the path in the direction he always came when returning from the woods. When I paused after calling, they looked up at me mewling and then up the woods path and again at me, evidently trying to say:

"Call again. Don't stop."

I continued calling for a long time, my uneasiness growing as I realized theirs, but Roi did not answer, nor did we see his large, graceful form come bounding up the path as always heretofore. I knew instinctively what had happened. He had fallen alone in some leafy nook a victim to the same fate that had overtaken poor little Satan. But Catsie and Deedie utterly refused to accept this conclusion, and day after day for many weeks, each time I went out to feed or pet them, they continued to say to me in their own way:

"Call him again. He must come back to us."

I always called, just to satisfy them, while they looked off up the path, craning their necks and waving meditative tails as they listened for the longed for response. They followed us with evident understanding of our quest in the search we instituted on the chance of finding him lying wounded somewhere unable to return home, but no trace of him was ever found. If he was shot, as we have always believed, the hunter realized his error and concealed all traces of the tragedy.

Thus left, the fatherless daughter of an overindulgent mother, it is not without precedent that when the time came for Deedie to choose for herself she should have formed an undesirable attachment.

In my nursery days I delighted in a tragic rhyme story called "The Robber Kitten," beginning:

A kitten once to his mother said:

"I'll never more be good.

I'll go and be a robber fierce

And live in the dreary wood,

Wood, wood, wood, and live in the dreary wood!"

This "poem," with its lurid pictures and the dismal echoes that were the



"CALL AGAIN! DON'T STOP."

refrain of each "verse," came back to me from the limbo of forgotten nursery delights when I found what sort of admirer Deedie had picked up and brought in for our approval. Naturally I investigated his past and was rather aglashed to learn that he was a genuine robber cat. But, unlike the robber kitten of nursery lore, he was not so from a determination to "never more be good." He had been forced to become a bandit by circumstances.

Inquiry developed these facts as to his kittenhood: His mother, who was owned by the family of a colored man having charge of one of the pineapple fields back of us, had become disgusted by the adoption into the family of an indiscreet young dog and had carried her young kits off to the woods to rear in concealment. So many dangers had been encountered there that Deedie's friend was the sole survivor of this cat family. He was not a beauty, but he had a wicked eye and a rakish swagger calculated to ensnare the fancy of the illogical young person. Catsie repudiated him with the utmost scorn and gave me to understand that she wished me to refuse him the privileges of the screened porch with its little swinging door which we call the cat room. So I reasoned with Deedie until I saw that if he were driven away she would go with him, then I succumbed to the inevitable and concluded it would be a better plan to reconcile Catsie to his presence and to try to reform the poor robber cat whom we knew to be the victim of an unfortunate early environment.

To begin in this plan of adoption, we formally christened him Johnny Bull. I prefer not to tell why this name was chosen for him lest the reader should be led to imagine that I am averse to the typical Briton. I should regret to convey such an impression. By going back only a very few generations I find myself wandering over ancestral acres under English skies. So my attitude toward any unpleasant characteristics that are admittedly typical of the

the rule we made that he was to kill no more birds. This is always the first thing our cats are taught and they are fed with such unflinching regularity that temptation is reduced to a minimum.

So matters stood when Deedie's four kits appeared on the scene.

"Now," said I, "is the time for a grand reconciliation!"

But instead of welcoming the little grandbaby kits Catsie's bristles all turned the wrong way and she spat at them in a manner that left not a shadow of doubt as to her feelings on the subject.

Her meals had to be served to her on another porch.

Deedie was very happy with her young family. The only fly in the ointment was her mother's disapproval. I often reasoned with Catsie about it, and she showed that she felt herself to be in the wrong. She tried to overcome her dislike for the little creatures, going tentatively to look at them from time to time; but as soon as they would begin to squirm or to stretch their little mouths open, her distaste for them would conquer. Then spitting at them in disgust and shaking a disdainful paw, away she would fly!

I knew she was surprised and distressed to find herself in this state of mind. One often hears masculine statements as to the puzzles of the feminine heart. The simple truth is that the reason no man can understand woman is because she does not understand herself. She is constantly surprising unexplored corners in her own nature which cause her to stand aghast, exclaiming with the old woman in Mother Goose's Melodies—

"Lawk a-massy, on my soul, this is none of it!"

Poor Catsie was passing through one of these spiritual crises, and she made it plain to me that she knew I understood and sympathized with the difficulties of her position.

Deedie's happiness in her little family was of short duration. Three of her kits fell asleep and refused to be awakened. The fourth was found on examination to be reduced from his original rolly poly shape to a mere skeleton. I divined that there was something wrong with the food furnished by nature and took the little fellow in hand myself. He soon showed that my diagnosis of his case had been correct, and responded to an unlimited diet of cow's milk by resuming his round shape.

In the meantime John Bull, neglected by Deedie and utterly scorned by Catsie, had found himself to be so unmistakably in the way that he had disappeared; his absence, together with Deedie's bereavements, brought about the longed for reconciliation.

One morning I came down stairs earlier than usual, and there was Catsie sleeping in the nursery box with Deedie, the grandbaby kit cuddled up between them, all three purring happily together just as we used to find Catsie, Ro and Deedie in the happy days gone by. —Byrd Spillman Dewey in Vogue.

The Tartars and Their Horses.

The Tartars have a way of living with their animals which is truly astonishing. They talk to them, and when they wish to encourage them they whistle to them as if they were birds. If they do not travel well, they address to them tender reproaches, and when special effort is needed on their part they say to them, "Come, my doves, you know you must go up there; courage, my pets; come, go on!" And when the difficulty is accomplished they get down from their box and praise and caress them, allowing them to rest and breathe, patting them between the eyes, rubbing their noses, stroking the hair on their foreheads between their ears; indeed caressing them in every way and treating them like much loved pets. —Un Touriste au Caucase.



TIME FOR A GRAND RECONCILIATION.

mother country is that of the affectionate toleration one feels for the shortcomings one sees in the members of one's own family circle.

Johnny Bull recognized and accepted his name with an encouraging intelligence and soon learned to adapt himself to the cooked food which he at first found to be so puzzling. Catsie's scorn of him went to the extreme of refusing to recognize Deedie when he was with her. I found it was necessary to feed her separately as she would not touch even the most tempting food if she found that Johnny Bull was to share it. He hung around with a guilty air watching his chance to make friendly overtures to me when Catsie's back was turned, and soon showed he understood that my good will to him depended on his keeping to

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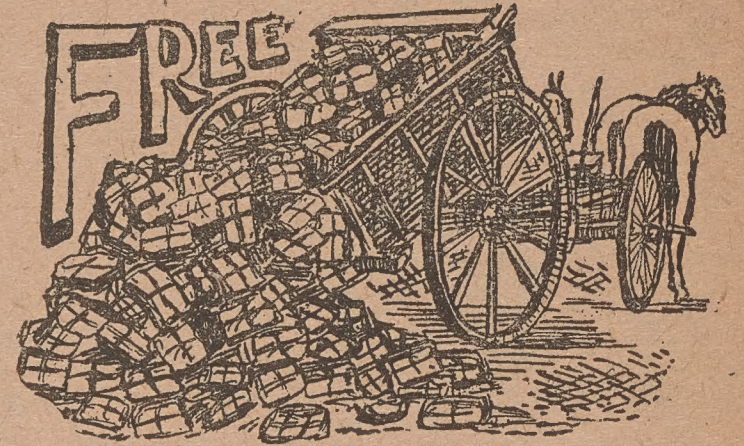
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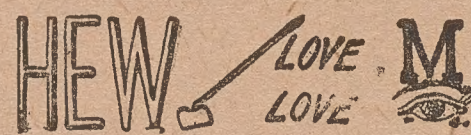
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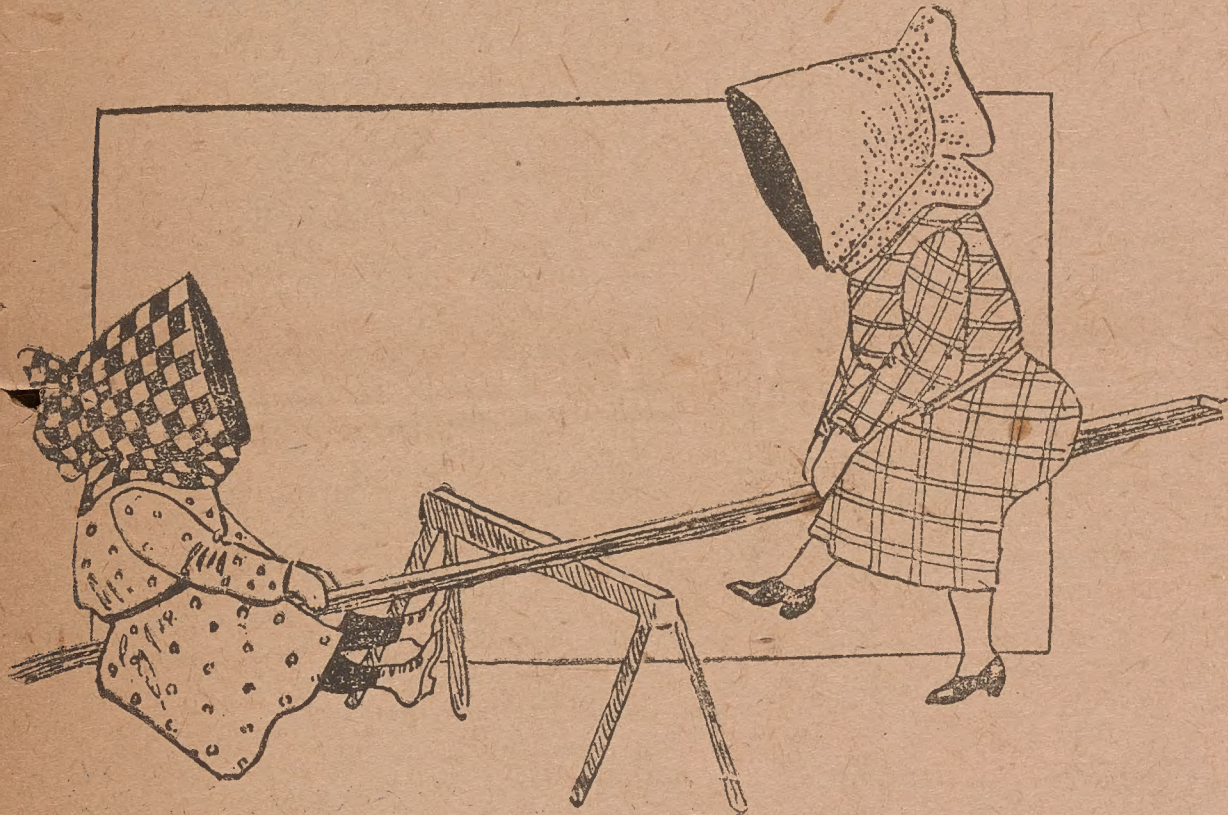
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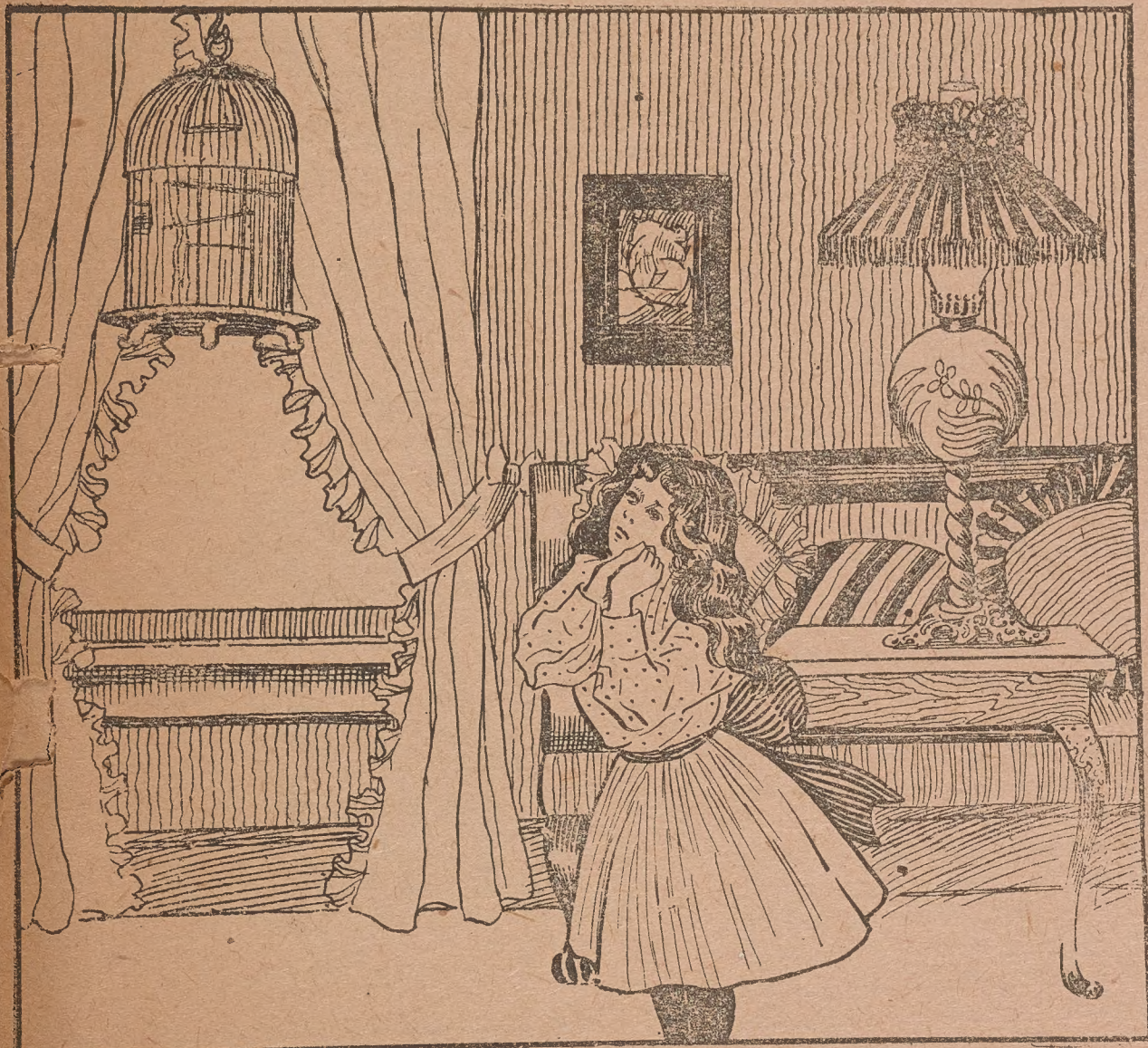


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WORTH-REPEATING SERIES NUMBER 1.

PECK'S BAD BOY

Makes A Second Appearance.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOY WITH A LAME BACK.

A young fellow who is pretty smart on general principles and who is always in good humor went into a store the other morning limping and seemed to be broke up generally. The proprietor asked him if he wouldn't sit down, and he said he couldn't very well, as his back was lame. He seemed discouraged, and the proprietor asked him what was the matter. "Well," said he as he put his hand on his pistol pocket and groaned, "there is no encouragement for a boy to have any fun nowadays. If a boy tries to play an innocent joke, he gets kicked all over the house." The storekeeper asked him what had happened to disturb his hilarity. He said he had played a joke on his father and had been limping ever since.

"You see, I thought the old man was a little spry. You know he is no spring chicken yourself, and though his eyes are not what they used to be yet he can see a pretty girl further than I can. The other day I wrote a note in a fine hand and addressed it to him, asking him to meet me on the corner of Wisconsin and Milwaukee streets at 7:30 on Saturday evening, and signed the name of 'Daisy' to it. At supper time Pa he was all shaved up and had his hair plastered over the bald spot, and he got on some clean cuffs and said he was going to the consistory to initiate some candidates from the country, and he might not be in till late. He didn't eat much supper and hurried off with my umbrella. I winked at Ma, but didn't say anything. At 7:30 I went down town, and he was standing there by the postoffice corner in a dark place. I went by him and said, 'Hello, Pa, what are you doing there?' He said he was waiting for a man. I went down street, and pretty soon I went up on the other corner by Chapman's, and he was standing there. You see, he didn't know what corner 'Daisy' was going to be on and had to cover all four corners.



"He gave me a dollar."

"I saluted him and asked him if he hadn't found his man yet, and he said no; the man was a little late. It is a mean boy that won't speak to his Pa when he sees him standing on a corner. I went up street, and I saw Pa cross over by the drug store in a sort of a hurry, and I could see a girl going by with a waterproof on, but she skited right along, and Pa looked kind of solemn, the way he does when I ask him for new clothes. I turned and came back, and he was standing there in the doorway, and I said: 'Pa, you will catch cold if you stand around waiting for a man. You go down to the consistory and let me lay for the man.' Pa said, 'Never you mind; you go about your business, and I will attend to the man.'

"Well, when a boy's Pa tells him to never you mind and looks spunky, my experience is that a boy wants to go right

away from there, and I went down street. I thought I would cross over and go up the other side and see how long he would stay. There was a girl or two going up ahead of me, and I see a man hurrying across from the drug store to Van Pelt's corner. It was Pa, and as the girls went along and never looked around Pa looked mad and stepped into the doorway. It was about 8 o'clock then, and Pa was tired, and I felt sorry for him, and I went up to him and asked him for half a dollar to go to the Academy. I never knew him to shell out so freely and so quick. He gave me a dollar, and I told him I would go and get it changed and bring him back the half a dollar, but he said I needn't mind the change. It is awful mean of a boy that has always been treated well to play it on his Pa that way, and I felt ashamed.

"As I turned the corner and saw him standing there shivering, waiting for the man, my conscience troubled me, and I told a policeman to go and tell Pa that 'Daisy' had been suddenly taken with worms and would not be there that evening. I peeked around the corner, and Pa and the policeman went off to get a drink. I was glad they did, 'cause Pa needed it after standing around so long. Well, when I went home, the joke was so good I told Ma about it, and she was mad. I guess she was mad at me for treating Pa that way. I heard Pa come home about 11 o'clock, and Ma was real kind to him. She told him to warm his feet, 'cause they were just like chunks of ice. Then she asked him how many they initiated in the consistory, and he said six, and then she asked him if they initiated 'Daisy' in the consistory, and pretty soon I heard Pa snoring. In the morning he took me into the basement and gave me the hardest talking to that I ever had with a bed slat. He said he knew that I wrote that note all the time, and he thought he would pretend that he was looking for 'Daisy' just to fool me.

"It don't look reasonable that a man would catch epizootic and rheumatism just to fool his boy, does it? What did he give me the dollar for? Ma and Pa don't seem to call each other pet any more, and as for me they both look at me as though I was a hard citizen. I am going to Missouri to take Jesse James' place. There is no encouragement for a boy here. Well, good morning. If Pa comes in here asking for me, tell him that you saw an express wagon going to the morgue with the remains of a pretty boy who acted as though he died from concussion of a bed slat on the pistol pocket. That will make Pa feel sorry. Oh, he has got the awfulest cold, though."

And the boy limped out to separate a couple of dogs that were fighting.

CHAPTER II.

THE BAD BOY AT WORK AGAIN.

Of course all boys are not full of tricks, but the best of them are. That is, those who are the readiest to play innocent jokes and who are continually looking for chances to make Rome howl are the most apt to turn out to be first class business men. There is a boy in the Seventh ward who is so full of fun that sometimes it makes him ache. He is the same boy who not long since wrote a note to his father and signed the name "Daisy" to it and got the old man to stand on a corner for two hours waiting for the girl. After that scrape the old man told the boy that he had no objection to innocent jokes, such as would not bring reproach upon him, and as long as the boy confined himself to jokes that would simply cause pleasant laughter and not cause the finger of scorn to be pointed at a parent he would be the last one to kick. So the boy has been for three weeks trying to think of some innocent joke to play on his father.

The old man is getting a little near sighted, and his teeth are not as good as they used to be, but the old man will not admit it. Nothing that anybody can say can make him own up that his eyesight

is failing or that his teeth are poor, and he would bet \$100 that he could see as far as ever. The boy knew the failing and made up his mind to demonstrate to the old man that he was rapidly getting off his base. The old person is very fond of macaroni and eats it about three times a week. The other day the boy was in a drug store and noticed in a showcase a lot of small rubber hose about the size of sticks of macaroni, such as is used on nursing bottles and other rubber utensils. It was white and nice, and the boy's mind was made up at once. He bought a yard of it and took it home. When the macaroni was cooked and ready to be served, he hired the table girl to help him play it on the old man. They took a pair of shears and cut the rubber hose in pieces about the same length as the pieces of boiled macaroni and put them in a saucer with a little macaroni over the rubber pipes and placed the dish at the old man's plate.

Well, we suppose if 10,000 people could have had reserve seats and seen the old man struggle with the india rubber macaroni and have seen the boy's struggle to keep from laughing they would have had more fun than they would at a circus. First the old delegate attempted to cut the macaroni into small pieces, and failing he remarked that it was not cooked enough. The boy said his macaroni was cooked too tender, and that his father's teeth were so poor that he would have to eat soup entirely pretty soon. The old man said, "Never you mind my teeth, young man," and decided that he would not complain of anything again. He took up a couple of pieces of rubber and one piece of macaroni on a fork and put them in his mouth. The macaroni dissolved easy enough and went down perfectly easy, but the flat macaroni was too much for him.

He chewed on it for a minute or two and talked about the weather in order that none of the family should see that he was in trouble, and when he found that the macaroni would not go down he called their attention to something out of the window and took the rub-



He chewed like a seminary girl chewing gum.

ber slyly from his mouth and laid it under the edge of his plate. He was more than half convinced that his teeth were played out, but went on eating something else for awhile, and finally he thought he would just chance the macaroni once more for luck, and he mowed away another forkful in his mouth. It was the same old story. He chewed like a seminary girl chewing gum, and his eyes stuck out, and his face became red, and his wife looked at him as though afraid he was going to die of apoplexy, and finally the servant girl burst out laughing and went out of the room with her apron stuffed in her mouth, and the boy felt as though it was unhealthy to tarry too long at the table, and he went out.

Left alone with his wife the old man took the rubber macaroni from his mouth and laid it on his plate, and he and his wife held an inquest over it. The wife tried to spear it with a fork, but couldn't make any impression on it, and then she saw it was rubber hose and told the old man. He was mad and glad at the same time—glad because he had found that his teeth were not to blame and mad because the grocer had sold him boarding house macaroni. Then the girl came in

and was put on the confessional and told all, and presently there was a sound of revelry by night in the wood shed, and the still, small voice was saying: "Oh, Pa, don't. You said you didn't care for innocent jokes. Oh!"

And then the old man between the strokes of the piece of clapboard would say: "Feed your father a hose cart next, won't ye? Be firing car springs and clothes wringers down me next, eh? Put some gravy on a rubber overcoat probably and serve it to me for salad. Try a piece of overshoe with a bone in it for my beefsteak likely. Give your poor old father a slice of rubber bib in place of tripe tomorrow, I expect. Boil me a rubber water bag for apple dumplings pretty soon if I don't look out. There! You go and split the kindling wood." 'Twas ever thus. A boy can't have any fun nowadays.

CHAPTER III.

THE BAD BOY'S FOURTH OF JULY.

"How long do you think it will be before your father will be able to come down to the office?" asked the druggist of the bad boy as he was buying some arnica and court plaster.

"Oh, the doc says he could come down now if he would on some street where there were no horses to scare," said the boy as he bought some gum. "But he says he ain't in no hurry to come down till his hair grows out and he gets some new clothes made. Say, do you wet this court plaster and stick it on?"

The druggist told him how the court plaster worked and then asked him if his Pa couldn't ride down town.

"Ride down? Well, I guess nix. He would have to sit down if he rode down town, and Pa is no setter this trip. He is a pointer. That's where the pinwheel struck him."

"Well, how did it all happen?" asked the druggist as he wrapped a yellow paper over the bottle of arnica and twisted the ends and then helped the boy stick the strip of court plaster on his nose.

"Nobody knows how it happened but Pa, and when I come near to ask him about it he feels around his nightshirt where his pistol pocket would be if it was pants he had on and tells me to leave his sight forever, and I leave, too, quick. You see, he is afraid I will get hurt every Fourth of July, and he told me if I wouldn't fire a firecracker all day he would let me get \$4 worth of nice fireworks, and he would fire them off for me in the evening in the back yard. I promised, and he gave me the money, and I bought a dandy lot of fireworks, and don't you forget it. I had a lot of rockets and roman candles, and six pinwheels, and a lot of nigger chasers, and some of these cannon firecrackers, and torpedoes, and a box of parlor matches. I took them home and put the package in our big stuffed chair and put a newspaper over them.



"Just then the explosion took place."

"Pa always takes a nap in that stuffed chair after dinner, and he went into the sitting room, and I heard him driving our poodle dog out of the chair and heard him ask the dog what he was a-chewing, and just then the explosion

took place, and we all rushed in there. I tell you what I honestly think. I think that dog was chewing that box of parlor matches—this kind that pop so when you step on them. Pa was just going to set down when the whole air was filled with dog and Pa and rockets and everything. When I got in there, Pa had a sofa pillow trying to put the dog out, and in the meantime Pa's linen pants were afire. I grabbed a pail of this indigo water that they had been rinsing clothes with and threw it on Pa, or there wouldn't have been a place on him bigger'n a sixpence that wasn't burnt, and then he threw a camp chair at me and told me to go to Gehenna. Ma says that's the ~~the~~ they have got up in the revised edition of the Bible for bad boys. When Pa's pants were out, his coattail blazed up, and a roman candle was firing blue and red balls at his legs, and a rocket got into his white vest. The scene beggared description, like the Racine fire.

"A nigger chaser got after Ma and treed her on top of the sofa, and another one took after a girl that Ma invited to dinner and burnt one of her stockings so she had to wear one of Ma's stockings, a good deal too big for her, home. After things got a little quiet, and we opened the doors and windows to let out the smoke and the smell of burnt dog hair and Pa's whiskers, the big firecrackers began to go off, and a policeman came to the door and asked what was the matter, and Pa told him to go along with me to Gehenna, but I don't want to go with a policeman. It would give me dead away. Well, there was nobody hurt much but the dog and Pa. I felt awful sorry for the dog. He hasn't got hair enough to cover hisself. Pa didn't have much hair anyway, except by the ears, but he thought a good deal of his whiskers, 'cause they wasn't very gray. Say, couldn't you send this anarchy up to the house? If I go up there, Pa will say I am the ~~the~~ fool on record. This is the last Fourth of July you catch me celebrating. I am going to work in a glue factory where nobody will ever come to see me."

And the boy went out to pick up some squib firecrackers that had failed to explode in front of the drug store.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BAD BOY'S MA COMES HOME.

"When is your Ma coming back?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy as he found him standing on the sidewalk when the grocery was opened in the morning, taking some pieces of brick out of his coattail pockets.

"Oh, she got back at midnight last night," said the boy as he eat a few blueberries out of a case. "That's what makes me up so early. Pa has been kicking at these pieces of brick with his bare feet, and when I came away he had his toes in his hand and was trying to go back up stairs on one foot. Pa haint got no sense."

"I am afraid you are a terror," said the grocery man as he looked at the innocent face of the boy. "You are always making your parents some trouble, and it is a wonder to me they don't send you to some reform school. What deviltry were you up to last night to get kicked this morning?"

"No deviltry, just a little fun. You see, Ma went to Chicago to stay a week, and she got tired and telegraphed she would be home last night, and Pa was down town, and I forgot to give him the dispatch, and after he went to bed me and a chum of mine thought we would have a Fourth of July."

"You see, my chum has got a sister about as big as Ma, and we hooked some of her clothes, and after Pa got to snoring we put them in Pa's room. Oh, you'd 'a' luffed. We put a pair of No. 1 slippers with blue stockings down in front of the rocking chair beside Pa's boots, and a red corset on a chair, and my chum's sister's best black silk dress on another chair, and a hat with a white

learner on on the bureau, and some frizzes on the gas bracket, and everything we could find that belonged to a girl in my chum's sister's room. Oh, we got a red parasol, too, and left it right in the middle of the floor.

"Well, when I looked at the layout and heard Pa snoring, I thought I should die. You see, Ma knows Pa is a darn good feller, but she is easily excited. My chum slept with me that night, and when we heard the doorbell ring I stuffed a pillow in my mouth. There was nobody to meet Ma at the depot, and she hired a hack and came right up. Nobody heard the bell but me, and I had to go down and let Ma in. She was pretty hot, now, you bet, at not being met at the depot.

"Where's your father?" said she as she began to go up stairs.

"I told her I guessed Pa had gone to sleep by this time, but I heard a good deal of noise in the room about an hour ago, and maybe he was taking a bath. Then I slipped up stairs and looked over the banisters. Ma said something about heavens and earth, and where is the hussey, and a lot of things I couldn't hear, and Pa said ~~the~~ and it's no such thing, and the door slammed, and they talked for two hours.



"I s'pose they finally layed it to me, as they always do, 'cause Pa called me very early this morning, and when I came down stairs he came out in the hall, and his face was redder'n a beet, and he tried to stab me with his big toe nail, and if it hadn't been for these pieces of brick he would have hurt my feelings. I see they had my chum's sister's clothes all pinned up in a newspaper, and I s'pose when I go back I shall have to carry them home, and then she will be down on me. I'll tell you what, I have got a good notion to take some shoemaker's wax and stick my chum on my back and travel with a circus as a double headed boy from Borneo. A fellow could have more fun and not get kicked all the time."

And the boy sampled some strawberries in a case in front of the store and went down the street whistling for his chum, who was looking out of an alley to see if the coast was clear.

CHAPTER V.

HIS PA IS A DARN COWARD.

"I suppose you think my Pa is a brave man," said the bad boy to the grocer as he was trying a new can opener on a tin biscuit box in the grocery, while the grocer was putting up some canned goods for the boy, who said the goods were for the folks to use at a picnic, but which were to be taken out camping by the boy and his chum.

"Oh, I suppose he is a brave man," said the grocer as he charged the goods to the boy's father. "Your Pa is called a major, and you know at the time of the reunion he wore a veteran badge and talked to the boys about how they suffered during the war."

"Suffered nothing," remarked the boy with a sneer, "unless they suffered from the peach brandy and leather pies Pa sold them. Pa was a sutler—that's the kind of a veteran he was—and he is a coward."

"What makes you think your Pa is a coward?" asked the grocer as he saw the boy slipping some sweet crackers into his pistol pocket.

"Well, my chum and me tried him

last night, and he is so sick this morning that he can't get up. You see, since the burglars got into Magie's Pa has been telling what he would do if the burglars got into our house. He said he would jump out of bed and knock one senseless with his fist and throw the other over the banister. I told my chum Pa was a coward, and we fixed up like burglars, with masks on, and I had Pa's long hunting boots on, and we pulled caps down over our eyes and looked fit to frighten a po-



"I took a shawl strap and was strapping his feet together."

liceman. I took Pa's meerscham pipe case and tied a little piece of ice over the end the stem goes in, and after Pa and Ma was asleep we went in the room, and I put the cold muzzle of the ice revolver to Pa's temple, and when he woke up I told him if he moved a muscle or said a word I would spatter the wall and the counterpane with his brains. He closed his eyes and began to pray. Then I stood off and told him to hold up his hands and tell me where the valuables was. He held up his hands and sat up in bed and sweat and trembled and told us the change was in his left hand pants pocket and that Ma's money purse was in the bureau drawer in the cuff box, and my chum went and got them.

"Pa shook so the bed fairly squeaked, and I told him I was a good notion to shoot a few holes in him just for fun, and he cried and said, 'Please, Mr. Burglar, take all I have got, but spare a poor old man's life, who never did any harm!' Then I told him to lay down on his stomach and pull the clothes over his head and stick his feet over the footboard, and he did it, and I took a shawl strap and was strapping his feet together, and he was scared, I tell you. It would have been all right if Ma hadn't woke up. Pa trembled so Ma woke up and thought he had the ager, and my chum turned up the light to see how much there was in Ma's purse, and Ma see me and asked me what I was doing, and I told her I was a burglar, robbing the house."

"I don't know whether Ma tumbled to the racket or not, but she threw a pillow at me and said, 'Get out of here, or I'll take you across my knee,' and she got up, and we run. She followed us to my room and took Pa's jointed fishpole and mauled us both until I don't want any more burgling, and my chum says he will never speak to me again. I didn't think Ma had so much sand. She is brave as a lion, and Pa is a regular squaw. Pa sent for me to come to his room this morning, but I ain't well and am going out to Pewaukee to camp out till the burglar scare is over. If Pa comes around here talking about war times and how he faced the enemy on many a well fought field, you ask him if he ever threw any burglars down a banister. He is a frod, Pa is, but Ma would make a good chief of police, and don't you let it escape you."

And the boy took his canned ham and lobster, and tucking some crackers inside the bosom of his blue flannel shirt started for Pewaukee, while the grocer looked at him as though he was a hard citizen.

CHAPTER VI.

HE IS TOO HEALTHY.

"There, I knew you would get into trouble," said the grocery man to the bad boy as a policeman came along leading

him by the ear, the boy having an empty champagne bottle in one hand and a black eye. "What has he been doing, Mr. Policeman?" asked the grocery man as the policeman halted with the boy in front of the store.

"Well, I was going by a house up here when this kid opened the door with a quart bottle of champagne, and he cut the wire and fired the cork at another boy, and the champagne went all over the sidewalk, and some of it went on me, and I knew there was something wrong, 'cause champagne is too expensive to waste that way, and he said he was running the shebang and if I would bring him here you would say he was all right. If you say so, I will let him go."



A policeman came along leading him by the ear.

The grocery man said he had better let the boy go, as his parents would not like to have their little pet locked up. So the policeman let go his ear, and he threw the empty bottle at a coal wagon, and after the policeman had brushed the champagne off his coat and smelled of his fingers and started off the grocery man turned to the boy, who was peeling a cucumber, and said:

"Now, what kind of a circus have you been having, and what do you mean by destroying wine that way, and where are your folks?"

"Well, I'll tell you. Ma she has got the hay fever and has gone to Lake Superior to see if she can't stop sneezing, and Saturday Pa said he and me would go out to Oconomowoc and stay over Sunday and try and recuperate our health. Pa said it would be a good joke for me not to call him Pa, but to act as though I was his younger brother, and we would have a real nice time."

"I knowed what he wanted. He is an old masher, that's what's the matter with him, and he was going to play himself for a bachelor. Oh, thunder, I got onto his racket in a minute. He was introduced to some of the girls, and Saturday evening he danced till the cows come home. At home he is awful 'fraid of rheumatiz, and he never sweats or sits in a draft, but the water just poured off'n him, and he stood in the door and let a girl fan him till I was afraid he would freeze, and just as he was telling a girl from Tennessee, who was joking him about being a nold bach, that he was not sure as he could always hold out a woman hater if he was to be thrown into contact with the charming ladies of the sunny south I pulled his coat and said: 'Pa, how do you s'pose Ma's hay fever is tonight? I'll bet she is just sneezing the top of her head off.' Wall, sir, you just oughten seen that girl and Pa. Pa looked at me as if I was a total stranger and told the porter if that freckled faced bootblack belonged around the house he had better be fired out of the ballroom, and the girl said the disgustin thing, and just before they fired me I told Pa he had better look out or he would sweat through his liver pad."

"I went to bed, and Pa staid up till the lights went out. He was mad when he went to bed, but he didn't lick me 'cause the people in the next room would hear him, but the next morning he talked to me. He said I might go back home Sunday night, and he would stay a day or two. He sat around on the veranda all

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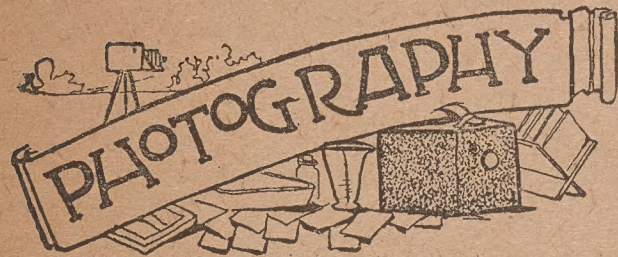
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the afternoon talking with the girls, and when he would see me coming along he would look cross. He took a girl out boat riding, and when I asked him if I couldn't go along he said he was afraid I would get drowned, and he said if I went home there was nothing there too good for me, and so my chum and me got to firing bottles of champagne, and he hit me in the eye with a cork, and I drove him out doors and was just going to shell his earthworks when the policeman collared me. Say, what's good for a black eye?"

The grocery man told him his Pa would cure it when he got home. "What do you think your Pa's object was in passing himself off for a single man at Oconomowoc," asked the grocery man as he charged up the cucumber to the boy's father.

"That's what beats me. Oh, I suppose he does it for his health, the way they all do when they go to a summer resort, but it leaves a boy an orphan, don't it, to have such kitteny parents."

To be continued.



The making of biograph film is an elaborate and delicate process, says the Philadelphia Times. First is manufactured a celluloid ribbon of the required width and transparency, coated on one side only to an invariable thickness of one-thousandth of an inch. It is sensitized in an immense dark room in an absolutely dustproof factory. The emulsion consists of a solution of bichloride of gold floating on great glass tables 100 feet in length.

When dried, the film is wound on spools in boxes, and no gleam of light must strike it until at the proper moment it is held behind the camera lens for one-seventieth part of a second every two inches of its entirety. Even then it must be guarded from stray beams until developed and fixed in the biograph factory.



A writer in What to Eat gives an interesting summary of the food value of different vegetables. It seems tomatoes rouse a torpid liver and do the work ordinarily of a doctor's prescription.

Lettuce has a soothing, quieting effect upon the nerves and is an insomnia remedy.

Potatoes should be eschewed by those

who "have a horror of getting fat," as that is one penalty of eating them.

Water cress is a good all round brace up for the system.

Spinach has medicinal properties and qualities equal to the most indigo of all blue pills ever made.

Parsnips, it is now contended by scientists, possess almost the same virtues that are claimed for sarsaparilla.

Beets are fattening, even a moderately learned man will explain, because of the sugar they contain.

Asparagus is efficacious in kidney ailments to an extent that is not yet perhaps thoroughly appreciated.

A New Vegetable.

Voandzou is the title of a curious plant which is now interesting several European scientists. Of these the most enthusiastic is M. Balland. He recently read a paper about voandzou and pointed out that this plant is the only one which is known to possess in proper proportion all the elements that are required to form a suitable nourishment for man. Voandzou is scientifically known as clycine, or Voandzia subterranea, and is a native of Intertropical Africa, where it is widely cultivated by negroes.

Fruit For Breakfast.

A writer in The Pilgrim says: I beg to enter a protest against the habit of serving fruit to adults or children as the first course for breakfast. The condition of the juices of the stomach and intestines in the early morning are, in my judgment, not such as to make fruit very digestible at this time. Serve your grain of whatever kind you please, then some bread and last of all fruit.

SOME CARNEGIE METHODS.

Quick Work In Unloading Ore From the Cars at the Furnaces.

James N. Hatch in The Engineering Magazine tells how ore is handled at the Carnegie furnaces. He says:

When the ore trains reach the Carnegie furnaces, they must be unloaded as quickly as possible to save cars and save storage track room. The cars are stopped on the platform of a tippie and clamped down to the track. The tippie is then set in motion, lifting a section of the track, loaded car and all, and turning it through a vertical circle until the car is turned upside down and the 50 tons, more or less, of ore are emptied into bucket cars, which stand on a track alongside. This machine is guaranteed to handle 300 cars a day of ten hours.

These bucket cars are hauled away to the side of the stockyard and stopped under the cantilever of the largest bridge tramway ever built. This tramway has a trolley travel of about 500 feet and can pick up the bucket with its load of 22,400 pounds from the car and carry it to any part of the yards. This load of over ten tons can be lifted from the ground at the rate of 250 feet per minute, can be moved across the bridge at a speed of 800 to 900 feet per minute, and the whole machine, load and all, can be moved up or down the yards at a speed of 75 to 100 feet per minute.

A Novel Lightship.

A new departure in lightships, it appears, is about to be inaugurated at Ottor rock, Italy. The ship is to have no crew and is to be worked by the compound gas system. Two large gas holders built upon it will contain as much gas as will light the lantern for several months. As the gas escapes from the holders to the lantern it operates a mechanism by which a bell placed in a belfry on the deck is rung. These rocks mark a particularly dangerous part of the coast, and the experiment will be watched with much interest.

Light From Liquid Gas.

Important scientific advances have

been made by Walter Scott Strowger, the inventor, in studying the nature of his new liquid gas. He has, it is reported, succeeded in liquefying it at pleasure and in producing it by cold chemical process. It is claimed he can also compress it so that a quantity can be placed in a bottle, and by placing a pipe with a gas burner on top the tap may be turned and a brilliant light will result, as from the regular gas of commerce.

Oil In South Africa.

Consul General Stowe of Cape Town has transmitted a report from Mr. Sea-vill, mining and land agent of Kimberley, on the discovery of indications of mineral oil in South Africa. The supposed oil belt extends from the Ceres district across the country to Mossel bay, on the coast, 250 miles east of Cape Town. The geological formation is the Devonian period throughout, locally known as the Bokveldt beds.

A Light Wave Phenomenon.

A curious phenomenon has been reported by men on outpost duty three miles from a military station in the Transvaal. On still, silent nights such as come often in the high veldt a distinct purring was heard as the station's searchlight was turned toward them, the sound increasing until the light ray passed directly overhead. The observers were inclined to attribute the sound to light waves impinging against the air.



Scarcity of "white gold," known in chemistry and commerce as platinum, is causing concern in the medical, electrical and photographic worlds. For five years the price has steadily soared toward the prohibitive mark. Today it is quoted at a higher price than ever since its discovery, and every prospect points to still higher prices.

The alarm caused by this condition is worldwide. A few months ago the German reichstag considered a measure prohibiting the use of the precious metal in photography. The advocates of the bill claimed that as platinum was absolutely essential in medicine and electrical work its use for purposes which were not necessary should be stopped.

The bill was not passed, but its introduction called attention to a condition which is said by scientists to be rapidly becoming serious.

Platinum is quoted at \$36 an ounce, nearly twice as high as gold. Five years ago it brought about \$5. Today the Siemens & Halske Electrical company is said to use one-fifth of the output of the world. Since the flooding of the platinum mines in the Transvaal, which occurred after the breaking out of the Boer war, the world has had to rely on Siberia for its supply of the white metal. This supply is not increasing, but the demand for the metal is.

In the manufacture of crucibles for the compounding of certain chemicals essential in modern medicine platinum only can be used because it is the only metal that will withstand the high temperature required.

TESTING OCEAN CURRENTS.

How Russia and America Conduct Interesting Experiments.

One of the interesting scientific experiments of the time is that quietly going on year after year, under the joint direction of the Russian government and our own, for the exact determination of the direction and velocity of ocean currents.

All American and Russian warships

and merchant vessels carry with them a supply of empty beer bottles, says the New York World. As they traverse the seas thousands of these bottles are "cast upon the waters," to be recovered "after many days." Each bottle carries a record telling when and where it began to drift. Whenever one is sighted by a Yankee or Russian ship, it is picked up and a record made of where and when it was found. Then it is corked up and again sent adrift, to be picked up again and again and similarly used until perhaps it has indicated the force and direction of the currents over many thousands of miles of sea.

The records of our hydrographic office show that many of these bottles have drifted from 5,000 to 8,000 miles at a speed varying from 2 to 35 miles a day. The accumulated reports of several years have already yielded valuable information. Bottles cast into the sea near the equator tend westward and usually bring up in the West Indies or on the coast of Mexico. Along our Atlantic coast and north of the fortieth parallel bottles generally drift to the northward and eastward and are picked up on the north coast of Ireland or even farther north. A fact not yet explained is that bottles thrown into the stretch of the Atlantic that lies between latitude 25 degrees to 40 degrees north and longitude 30 degrees to 60 degrees west, which is crossed by numerous steamship routes, are very rarely seen again. Only six out of many hundreds have been recovered since 1888.



In his recent work on Luzon Dr. Rinne of Hanover gives an interesting description of a visit to the gold diggings in the Candelaria goldfield. In the more elevated portions of the Candelaria district little trouble is given by water, but the air in the mines is often too foul to breathe. Ventilation is secured by lowering into the shaft a basket of burning coals. If there are two connecting shafts, this device creates a good draft down one and up the other.

Dr. Rinne's own shaft had reached the depth of 60 feet. At the bottom nearly naked workmen were cutting galleries by the light of little torches and sending up baskets of ore and refuse. These were hauled up by means of a wooden capstan worked by two men. This is Filipino gold mining as it has been carried on from time immemorial.

The gold bearing ore is then crushed by pounding with stones or on a larger scale ground in an arrastra, or mill, driven by a yoke of oxen. It is then washed in shallow wooden pans to get rid of the bulk of the lighter material. The product of this first washing is again washed in coconut shells and yields a quantity of gold in dust and small particles.

A vegetable sap called gogo is used in this process to precipitate the finer dust. Finally the dust is packed in small mussel shells and melted over a charcoal fire. This accounts for the peculiar shell-like form in which Filipino gold appears in the market.

Automatic Ticket Agents.

A report comes from Berlin that the sale of railway tickets by automatic machines was very successful last year. One hundred and ninety-two of these machines sold 30,000,000 tickets. At the Friedrich Strasse and Zoological Garden stations over 200,000 tickets were delivered daily through the slot.



THE COIN REALM



Compiled for THE REALM.

A VALUE LIST OF UNITED STATES COINS

Showing the Average Prices Which Dealers Are Paying at the Present Time for All the United States Coins Actually Worth over Face Value.

EXPLANATION.

FOR the sake of brevity several terms are used in this and other catalogues to define certain coins or parts of a coin, and these should be understood beforehand by all those examining coins for the rare dates. The following definitions will therefore supplement the explanations given throughout the list.

"Obverse" (abbreviated "Obv.") means the front side of a coin, otherwise called its "head" or "face."

"Reverse" (Rev.) is the back, also known as the "tail" of the coin.

The "type" of a coin is its principal object; the "field," the entire surface on which the type is set.

"Symbols" are the smaller objects represented anywhere on the coin, being subordinate to the main type.

Any part of a coin below the level of the main face is said to be "incuse."

"Over-dates" are coins having one date on top of another. This is caused by the coin having been struck from an old die into which a new date has been sunk.

"Without arrows" refers to the 1853 quarters on the obverse side of which, before and after the date, no arrow heads appear.

"Proofs" are coins which have received an extra burnishing at the mint to give them a greater lustre.

"Patterns" are sample coins which have never been circulated.

"Mint marks" are the minute letters stamped on a coin to denote its place of mintage. C is for Charlotte, CC for Carson City, D for Dahlenega, O for New Orleans and S for San Francisco. The coins made at Philadelphia have no marks.

"Lettered edge" refers to the lettering around the edge of a coin.

"Milled edge" is the edge of a coin which is not lettered but creased by parallel lines running at right angles to the circumference. All the silver pieces of the present time have milled edges.

"Fillet head" is a head tied with a band.

"Turban head." A turban upon the head inscribed "Liberty."

"Liberty cap." The type of the coin with liberty cap is as follows: A figure of Liberty who holds in her left hand a pole on the top of which is a liberty cap.

"Flowing hair." Hair on head of Liberty is unbound as upon certain coins of 1793-5.

The condition of a coin is an important factor in determining its value. The appended prices are for coins in fine condition. Inferior specimens are not worth as much, their price depending upon their condition. Coins priced in this list which are worth but a small fraction over their face value have no numismatic value whatever unless they be in fine condition.

GOLD DOLLARS.

| | |
|------|------|
| 1863 | 1 75 |
| 1864 | 1 75 |
| 1865 | 1 75 |
| 1866 | 1 30 |
| 1867 | 1 30 |
| 1868 | 1 30 |
| 1869 | 1 30 |
| 1870 | 1 30 |
| 1871 | 1 30 |
| 1875 | 3 50 |
| 1876 | 1 50 |
| 1877 | 1 50 |

GOLD 2 DOLLARS 50 CENTS.

| | |
|---------------------|------|
| 1796, without stars | 6 00 |
| 1796, 16 stars | 3 50 |
| 1797, 16 " | 3 50 |
| 1798, 13 " | 2 70 |
| 1802 | 2 70 |
| 1804 | 2 70 |
| 1805 | 2 70 |
| 1806 | 3 70 |
| 1807 | 2 70 |
| 1808 | 2 70 |
| 1826 | 3 70 |

SILVER HALF DOLLARS.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1794, flowing hair | 3 50 |
| 1795, " | 60 |
| 1796, fillet head | 20 00 |
| 1797, " | 15 00 |
| 1798 | No issue of this date |
| 1799 | " |
| 1800 | " |
| 1801, fillet head | 2 10 |
| 1802, " | 2 10 |
| 1803, " fine condition only | 55 |
| 1805, " " | 55 |
| 1806, " " | 55 |
| 1807, " " | 55 |
| 1808, " " | 55 |
| 1809, " " | 55 |
| 1810, " " | 55 |
| 1811, " " | 55 |
| 1812, " " | 55 |
| 1813, " " | 55 |
| 1814, " " | 55 |
| 1815, " " | 55 |
| 1816 | No coin issued of this date |
| 1836, milled edge | 1 60 |
| 1838, Liberty cap with O under head | 3 00 |
| 1851 | 65 |
| 1852, Liberty seated | 1 50 |

COPPER HALF-CENTS.

| | |
|--------------------|-------|
| 1793, Liberty cap | 1 20 |
| 1794 | 40 |
| 1795 | 40 |
| 1796 | 10 00 |
| 1797 | 40 |
| 1800 fillet head | 08 |
| 1802 | 2 00 |
| 1810, head to left | 08 |
| 1811 | 40 |
| 1831 | 2 00 |
| 1836 | 2 00 |
| 1840 | 1 50 |
| 1841 | 2 75 |
| 1842 | 2 75 |
| 1843 | 2 75 |
| 1844 | 2 50 |
| 1845 | 2 50 |
| 1846 | 2 50 |
| 1847 | 2 50 |
| 1848 | 2 50 |
| 1849 | 2 50 |
| 1850 | 05 |
| 1852 | 2 20 |
| 1854 | 05 |
| 1855 | 05 |
| 1856 | 05 |
| 1857 | 05 |

(To be continued.)

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A young Englishman has invented a new automatic weaving loom for which great things are claimed. Richard Marsden, editor of The Textile Mercury, says of it:

"It is capable of attachment at a comparatively small cost to existing single box looms. There are 850,000 power looms in Great Britain. Out of this number Crossley's invention will be capable of being applied to 600,000.

"There is no commercial limit to the speed of the loom of that adjustment. Assuming that a loom is working at 200 picks per minute, which is a good average rate, this loom without any pause in its action changes the shuttle in one four-hundredth part of a minute—that is, half a revolution of the first shaft.

"It effects this change and at the same time entirely avoids the faults

made in looms as ordinarily constructed—that is, making what are termed thick and thin places in the cloth either by putting too much or too little weft in."

Use For Wire Grass.

The despised wire grass of the Wisconsin marshes, which has annoyed farmers and cattle raisers for years, which cattle would not eat, drought would not destroy and cultivation could not eradicate, is now being harvested and made into doormats and binding twine. About 1,500 men find employment in the factories using the grass, and there is promise of a rapid growth in the industry. It has now been shown that good mats can be made from the grass, and factories to produce such goods are being erected. They will also try to make rugs, matting, carpet lining, bagging and other like goods from the material.

To Clean Ship Bottoms.

An apparatus has been patented by Major A. and Asa L. Stump of Nantown, W. Va., which it would seem should do away with the necessity of docking vessels in order to clean their bottoms. The contrivance

THE BOY GIANT ACTS AS SNOWPLOW



1 Ah Grim ne'er a snowstorm had seen,
And so when the flakes, white and clean,
Came fluttering down
O'er country and town
He showed his delight to be keen.

2 The townsfolk instead were quite sad;
The snow filled such roads as they had
With drifts and with banks
That chilled stocking shanks
And floundered the fat and well clad



3 'Twas then to the rescue came Grim;
He trampled their roads with a vim
Till smooth as a card
And equally hard
For sleighing they all were in trim.

4 The townsfolk in gratitude met,
And quickly some workmen were set
At building a sled,
All gilded and red,
To cancel with Ah Grim their debt.

Copyright, 1900, by Caroline Wetherell.

consists of a number of scrapers. These are suspended on cables from the rail of the vessel by the means of rolling hangers, and the contrivance is pulled lengthwise of the hull by a main cable which is wound on a drum situated on the deck of the vessel. The scrapers are composed of heavy wooden blocks, which contain steel abrad-ing blades. The inventors claim that these blades will remove barnacles with the ship afloat as well as it can be done in drydock, without the loss of time necessary by the old method; that, in fact, the ship may maintain her course throughout the operation.

The Ear as Character Index.

Of late years we have heard much from the Italian school of anthropologists about "the criminal ear." Dr. Keith, an English specialist, has studied the ears of more than 40,000 individuals, including 800 criminals and 2,000 lunatics (as well as some hundreds of animals), and he finds that ears give absolutely no clew to personal traits.

Washington Disliked Profanity.

The following is a general order issued by General Washington, commander of the colonial armies, Aug. 3, 1776:

"The general is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice

hitherto little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of heaven on our arms if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

Cause For Alarm.

Mother—Aren't you very well today, Bobby?

Bobby—Yes, thank you, mother. Why?

Mother—Because you washed your hands for lunch without being told.

NEW HIGH EXPLOSIVE.

Cerberite the Name Given to a Powerful Agent of Destruction.

Count Sergey de Smolianinoff, who died in Washington a few months ago in poverty, left behind an invention in perfecting which he spent the last few years of his life. It was a high explosive, to which he gave the name of cerberite, says the Philadelphia Times. Some Washington business men had become interested in his invention, and recently the new explosive was practically tested. The material used was 50 per cent cerberite, the equivalent of

50 per cent dynamite, made up in the usual form of cartridges or sticks. About 70 pounds were placed in nine deep holes drilled in tough blue sandstone ledge. When all was ready, an electric button was touched. Instantly flames leaped out of the nine holes and with a rushing sound an immense body of stone torn from the hillside fell to the quarry floor.

Other experiments were made showing that it is a safe explosive to handle. It may be struck with a hammer, rubbed with sandpaper, burned in a bright flame without exploding. It can be exploded only by the simultaneous action of three things—flame, heat and concussion, which in practice are secured by means of a detonating cap.

It is claimed for cerberite that practically it will not freeze, that water does not affect it and that it can be exploded when in direct contact with water. This was shown recently by the fact that some of the holes contained water anywhere from an inch or two to a foot in depth. Cerberite does not give off when exploded noxious fumes or gases and is smokeless. The new explosive is made in three forms—liquid, gelatin and powder.

Clothing and Disease.

Does the introduction of civilized clothing among savages breed disease and infirmities? It has been observed recently in the Philippines that the savages who have adopted civilized clothing have suffered in their general health. The wearing of a high silk hat, for example, has produced brain trouble, while even the strain of wearing pyjamas has caused serious nervous disorders. So serious have been the results in some cases that the physicians sent out to care for the soldiers have mentioned the new dangers in their reports.

How Artificial Ivory Is Made.

Artificial ivory makers now use a material prepared from the bones of sheep and the waste pieces of deer and kid skin. The bones are macerated and bleached in chloride of lime for a fortnight, then heated by steam with the skin until a fluid mass is formed, when a little alum is added. The product is filtered, dried in air and hardened in a bath of alum, the white, rough plates resulting being more easily worked than natural ivory.

Human Resistance to Heat.

People recovering from one or the other of the heat waves of this summer may be shocked to know that while the official mercury reached 102 degrees it is quite possible for the human system to tone itself up to withstand 600 degrees of heat. Nowhere on the earth's surface does solar heat begin to approach man's capacity for resistance, and in spite of the laws of physics the blacker the man the more heat he can stand.

LITTLE INDIANS.

Not as Tenderly Reared as White Children—An Indian School.

Some of our little boys and girls make a very big face when their mothers or nurses give them a bath. If they could see the way the Kiowa and Comanche Indian babies are given their baths they would never make another face as long as they live. When an Indian mother wants to wash her little one, she takes off his clothes, holds him by one foot and plunges him into the river. It makes no difference how cold it is—into the water he goes head first. Little Indians are not rolled around in baby carriages. Their mothers carry them on their backs, either strapped in a cradle or rolled in a blanket. The cradles the Indian babies have are not at all like the ones provided for their

little white brothers and sisters. It is a sacklike affair open at one end fastened to a frame. The papoose is placed in it with his hands tied across his breast. When the mother gets busy, she hangs the cradle on the limb of a tree or stands it up against something. Ants or flies can run over the baby's face at will, for his hands are tied and he cannot defend himself.

Little Indian girls do not have pretty dolls with real hair and eyes that open and close. The only kind they have they make themselves out of grass and moss and bits of cloth their mothers give them.

When Indian boys and girls go to school, they cannot go home every night like the white children do. They stay at school day and night for ten months out of twelve. Besides learning their book lessons the boys have to learn to do all kinds of outdoor work and to use tools. The girls have to learn to sew and to cook and to do all kinds of housework. In the dining room at the Riverside government school, near Anadarko, there are sixteen tables, and ten boys and girls of different ages eat at each table. In the large garden connected with the school there are sixteen little gardens. The boys have to cultivate them, and the girls cook the vegetables the boys raise. Consequently many things that come on to each table are raised and prepared by those who eat them.

In some of their studies the Indian children get along better than the whites, and in others they do not do so well. They can learn to write easily and are fine at drawing. They have a natural eye for color and execute very beautiful designs upon the blackboard with colored chalk. In needlework the girls soon become very expert. Some specimens of their work were recently forwarded to New York, where they were pronounced exquisite, and sold to wealthy ladies at very high prices. When it comes to music, Indian children make good instrumental performers, but few of them become finished vocalists. In mathematics they make a very poor showing. They do not memorize well and get along very slow in history, civil government and studies of a like nature.

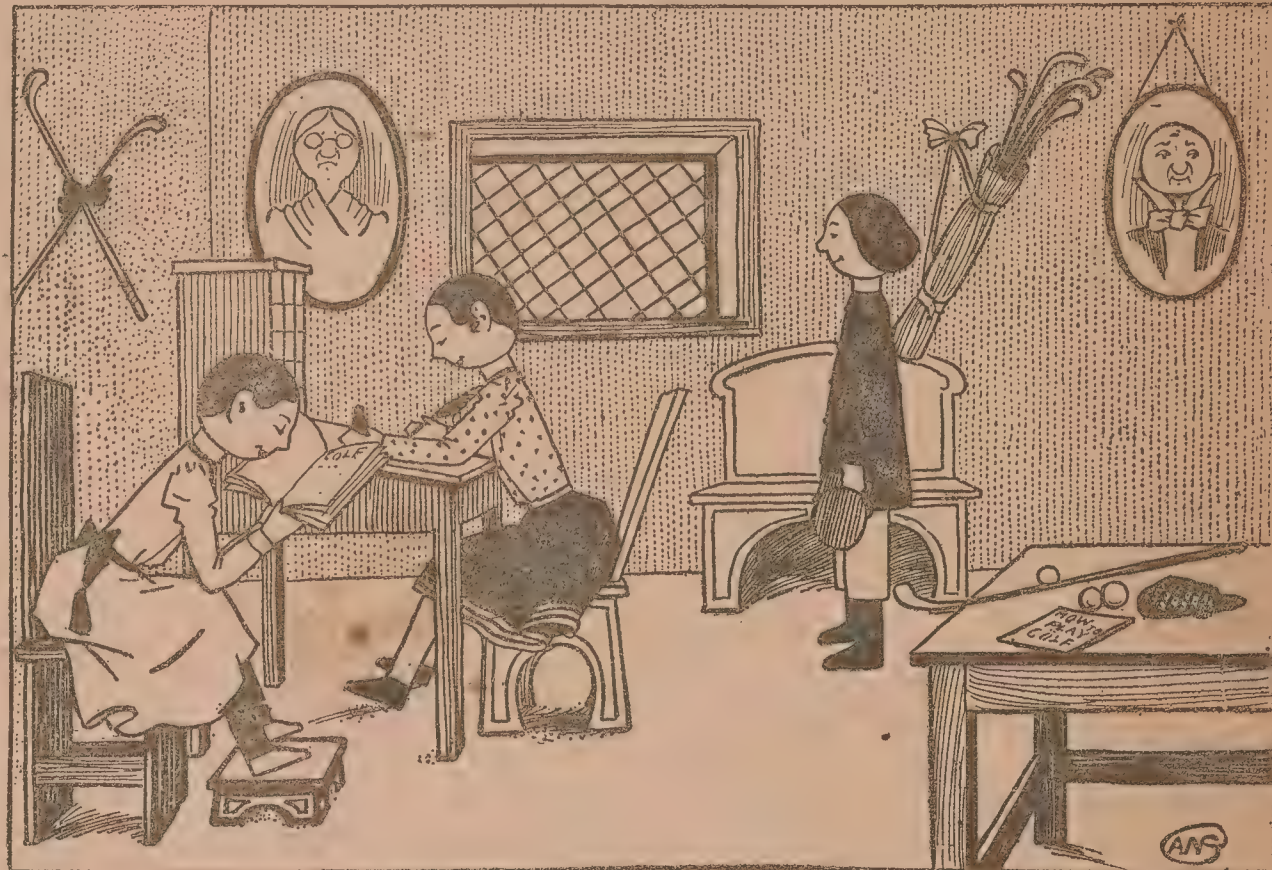
Indian children are shown scarcely any affection and sympathy by their parents. They are never kissed, and if they get hurt they get very little attention. This being the case, they show small consideration for each other at school. While the teachers are very strict and prompt to punish any act of harshness or cruelty, the bad Indian creeps out very often. If a boy has a sore foot or a lame leg, he is quite likely to get a push or a knock to see how bravely he can stand the pain. At one of the schools not long since several young hogs were found dead in their pen. A few days later it was discovered that several more had been killed. Investigation developed the fact that they had been clubbed to death by several of the larger boys.

A BOY'S POCKETS.

Things in the world that you want to find
Pockets of boys have of one kind—
Marbles and blocks and unnumbered strings,
Tops and old cards and odd other things;
Knives and flint rocks and gun shells and sticks—
All of his pockets brim full, he's fixed.

Frogs and green lizards and bugs and snakes,
Everything loose the small boy upakes;
Crowded pants' pockets resembling a sack,
Odds and the ends that he takes he'll "pack,"
Lines and their sinkers and corks and hooks,
Fishing in rivers and sloughs and brooks.

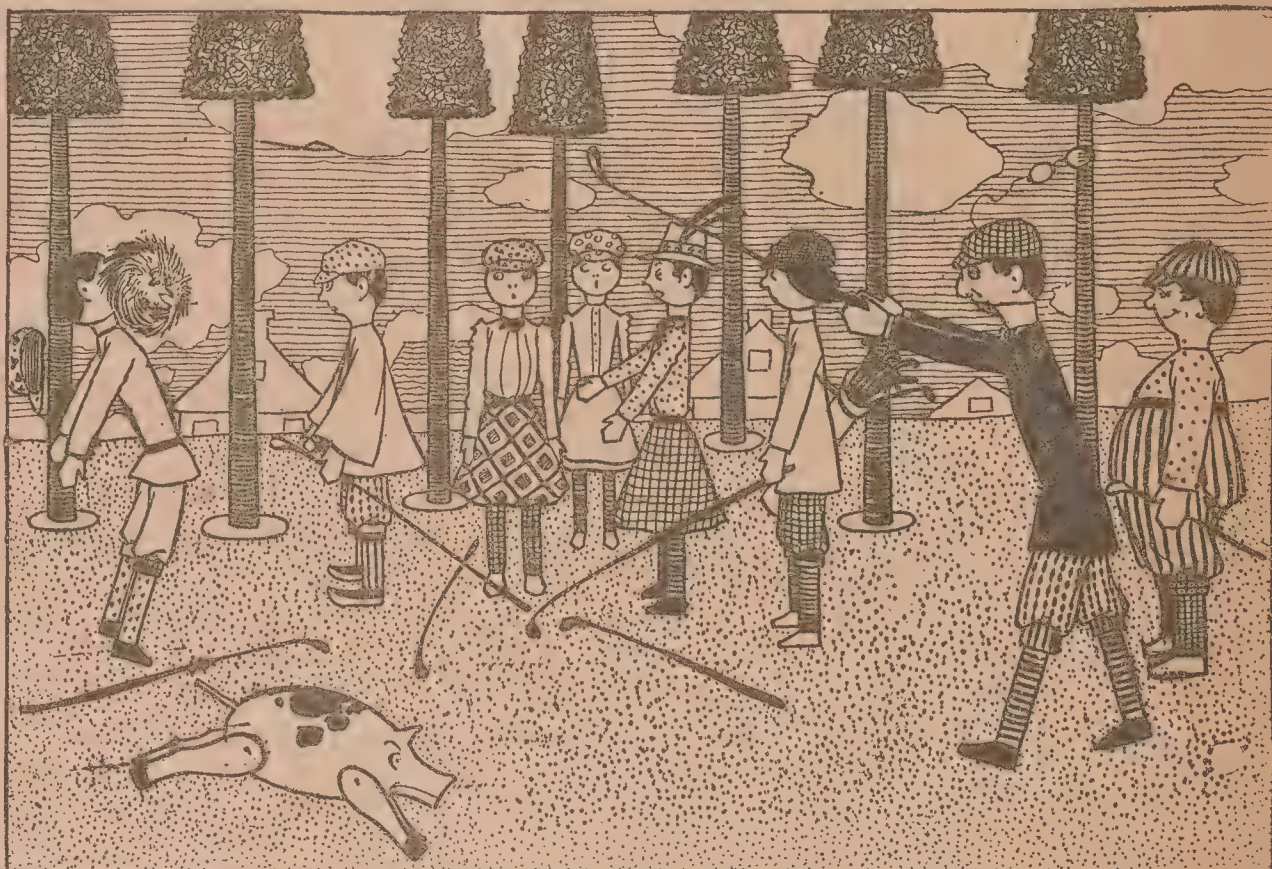
Buttons and staples and nails and screws,
Sack of "tobac" that he smokes and chews,
Pistols and powder and fiery rockets,
All can be found in a boy's bulging pockets.
—Norvin G. Perry.



The game of golf, a joyous one for those who understand the fun, was planned by Bess, who loved to see the Jobbernowls in harmony. "Our Master Chips will kindly aid to teach us golf," fair Bessie said, "Upon our lawn we'll play the game. I'm sure you will not find it tame." Marie and Bess the notes sent out, and Ole carried them about. The rest accepted with delight and practiced golf with all their might. Some read-in books about the sport and thus each other would exhort: "It is the fashion; so, you see, we have to play to please Marie."



The Jobbernowls, in coats of red, with outing caps upon each head, appeared upon the lawn that day at just the time announced for play. Poor Master Chips! That worthy man, resplendent in a suit of tan, was chosen to begin the game and coach the others in the same. 'Twas Ole's task with caddy bag and golf sticks here and there to tag, and after balls chase merrily, and sometimes act as referee. It was a thankless part, indeed, to stand and watch while others "teed," To see them playing golf so ill that he could win with little skill.



Of course 'twas Hans who mischief made. Because so stupidly he played That Patsie laughed, revenge he vowed on him and all the merry crowd! So when the ball slow Ole chased the wicked Hans pursued in haste And offered him another ball, a better, though not quite so small. Returning to the rest, who waited, the master took the ball, elated That he was "putting" in such style that soon he'd score the round, a mile. The ball, when hit with wooden stick, flew up and hit poor Patsie "click!" Its quills were short and sharp and fine—it was Marie's pet porcupine.



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HOW TO COLLECT STAMPS

WRITTEN FOR THE REALM.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DOES STAMP COLLECTING PAY?

DOES stamp collecting pay? We answer emphatically "yes" not because of any single advantage which we may claim for it over certain other pursuits, but because of the multiplicity of its varied good qualities—advantages too numerous to mention in a single article. To enumerate the more important benefits to be derived from a collection of stamps, aside from the pleasure one gets out of it, the habit of saving, which is acquired by the collector, is perhaps the first which should be mentioned, as its bearing upon any future success in life is obviously great. Collecting postage stamps has had a greater influence in this direction than any other of the so-called "fads." For over 40 years the pursuit has been followed by people of every age in all classes of society. To-day the mighty army of stamp collectors, found in every civilized country of the world, numbers into the hundreds of thousands. The result of this is that postage stamps now have a market value, a value that is governed by the same laws of supply and demand that regulate the prices on precious stones, works of art, and other important luxuries of life. To collect stamps is to collect something of real value, and in this respect quite different from the accumulation of odd buttons, monograms, or articles of like worth. It follows then that judicious stamp collecting is a good investment, for as the demand for old stamps increases their value rises, and as the years go by the stamps become more and more costly. Teachers agree that there is no greater help to the study of geography than stamp collecting. Many stamps are veritable works of the fine arts, and thus develop an artistic taste in those who collect them. The inscriptions etc. upon these stamps teach a great deal of history. They interest collectors who finally resort to books to further satisfy their acquired taste for learning.

STAMP ALBUMS.

THE selection of a suitable album for one's collection is of great importance. The size of the album must depend upon the number of stamps to be put in it. A large, costly album is not so good for a small collection as a book which sells for from 25 to 50 cents. Neither is a small album suitable for a large collection.

The more you increase the number of pages of the album the smaller your collection will appear. Five-hundred specimens make a good appearance in a small book, but put them in an album of say 700 pages and they are almost lost from sight. Many pages in succession, holding such a collection, would not contain a single stamp, and the examiner would weary of looking over a collection thus scattered. In our opinion no collector of 5,000 varieties, on the other hand, should confine his collection to a printed stamp book of any kind. The blank album with movable cards or leaves, affording limitless expansion, is the proper book for him. The ideal collection to be put in such a book as the International album, which contains printed squares for a large number of stamps of all nations, must not be too large or too small. Some collectors believe, in starting a collection, that it will be economy to purchase at the outset an album large enough to hold all the stamps they will ever get. For the first two or three years they suffer the disadvantages of having too large an album for the size of their collection, and then when the album really commences to be of any value to them it is worn out or out of date, and has to be discarded for a later edition. It is the collection, not the receptacle of it, which is of prime importance, and every cent saved on the album will help get your collection started. Next to the collection in importance, however, comes the album, which should be neat and strongly bound for use

REPRINTS.

REPRINTS, or re-impressions, are stamps printed from the original plates, blocks, or stones, but at some date later than the time when they were actually used for postage. They are not to be confounded with counterfeits, as the latter are printed from new plates which only imitate, with more or less accuracy, the original stamps, and are of no value to a collector. The reprint has been subjected to much abuse of late by certain writers who have sums invested in originals or make a practice of disparaging everything not rare. The reprint is not a valuable stamp, but on this very account—its low cost—the collector has an opportunity to add to his collection for a small outlay stamps which in the original would cost many dollars. "Government" or "official" reprints are made by the government and sold to collectors. In a few instances the plates have been sold to individuals who



SOME COMMON REPRINTS.

print the stamps from them for their own profit. Such stamps are known as "private reprints." We get reprints from the following countries: Alsace & Lorraine, Austria (early issues), Belgium (1849), British Guiana (1850-62), Bergedorf, Cape of Good Hope (triangular), France (early issues), Fiji (1870-71), Hamburg, Hanover, Hawaiian Islands (1851-69), Heligoland, Hungary (1872-4), Italy (1851-62), Mexico, New South Wales, Oldenburg, Paraguay, Persia, Peru, Portugal and colonies, Prussia, Roman States, Roumania, Samoa, Spain, Swaziland, Sweden, Tasmania, Tuscany, U. S., Wurtemberg.

SURCHARGED STAMPS.

SURCHARGES, or provisionals, are stamps which have been altered in some way by printing across their face, usually in black ink, a new name, value, or other mark of distinction. They are used in cases of emergency when there is not time to prepare permanent stamps, or when the number to be used will not warrant the manufacture of a distinctive stamp. The first stamps used by the United States in Cuba, Porto Rico, etc., were made by surcharging the general issue. Our first cut represents a German stamp thus treated for use in one of her colonies. Sometimes a stamp is surcharged by initials as in the next illustration which



represents a stamp of India which was used by the "Chinese Expeditionary Force" operating in China. The majority of surcharges, however, have a new



value printed across them, as shown in the next two illustrations. A few years ago the wholesale surcharging of French Colonies for



speculative purposes discouraged many

collectors of having anything to do whatever with surcharged issues. With the introduction of commemorative issues the use of surcharging purely for speculation has fallen off, and collectors are beginning to outgrow the prejudice against surcharged stamps. All stamps of two or more colors must not be confused with surcharges. Certain issues are printed in color without any value and the value afterwards printed in, as is the case with the 1895 bi-colored issue of Portugal.

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40c and 80c 5c
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CAN YOU ASSIST THE YOUNG PEOPLE TO FIND THEIR LOST GRANDPA?



THE SHIP CANNOT SAIL WITHOUT THE CAPTAIN. DO YOU SEE HIM?

THE PUZZLER

No. 119.—A Triangle.

1. A number. 2. To regard with care. 3. Of the hue of that part of the rainbow or solar spectrum which is furthest from violet. 4. An abbreviation used for one who prepares, revises and corrects for publication. 5. A letter.

No. 120.—Geographical Puzzle.

Fill the blanks with the names of cities. For example, Paris is the city for the eighth blank.

My brother (1) — likes to (2) — and wants to see all the (3) — in every place he visits. He goes (4) — around everywhere, and once when he went past an old (5) — infuriated dog rushed out at him.

He, fearing the dog was (6) — himself of his hand luggage and, (7) — his overcoat around his left arm, received the beast's teeth in it, while he gripped it firmly with his right hand.

The animal was soon secured, and all that my brother said was: "I must have some new gloves. This (8) — ruined."

Our sister Anna was at college with him, and when she cried and laughed over his narrow escape he said: "Pshaw! It was all (9) —; don't make a fuss about it."

He was a capital student, but he liked brisk competition, so he was glad to (10) — in his classes and confided to her all his scrapes.

No. 121.—Enigma.

I'm not a parent and never was;
I'm neither a 1, 2—3, 4, 5—6—7, 8. True,
I am a 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, because
I present many objects to view.
1, 2, 3's a god and part of a lock,
While 4 is nothing at all;
5, 6, 7 will often strike with a shock,
While 8 is a particle small.
1, 2 is dad. "3, 4," said the lad
When asked if he wasn't too bold.
5, 6, 7, 8's a city we read of with pity,
Where a mother was weeping of old.

No. 122.—A Trip Abroad.

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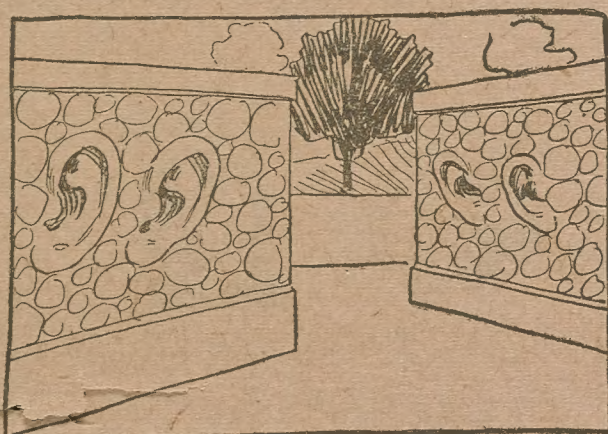
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From a capital city of North America to a capital city of Europe, located on the Baltic; thence to a city of Italy famous as the birthplace of a celebrated explorer; thence to a famous French battlefield.

No. 123.—A Popular Maxim.



What popular maxim is here illustrated?—New York Journal.

No. 124.—A Wheel.



Arrange the eight words, the meanings of which are given below, as the spokes of a wheel, so that the outside letters, read in the order of 1 to 8, will give the name of a flower. Every word contains an equal number of letters, and the final letter is the same.

1. A tree. 2. A grain. 3. A portion of land surrounded by water. 4. A small animal. 5. A flower. 6. Formerly. 7. Situation. 8. The brink.

No. 125.—Anagram.

EDITH, A NICE JERM—A popular play dramatized from a book of the same name.

No. 126.—Amputations.

[Behead and curtail each word.]
Amputate a bandage and leave a common article.
Amputate a faction and leave skill.
Amputate a paper toy and leave a pronoun.
Amputate desire and leave a verb.
Amputate strong thread and leave to gain.
Amputate mocks and leave intellect.

Definitions.

A little schoolgirl was recently asked what a poacher was.
"A poacher," she said, "is a fried egg!"
Another child in the same class defined a palmer as "a man who walks on his hands."

Just So.

Down from the wall I took my harp
My muse to reinspire,
But, oh, the pain was quick and sharp;
It proved to be a lyre!

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 111.—Diamond: 1. S. 2. Hem. 3. Haven. 4. Several. 5. Mercy. 6. Nay. 7. L.

No. 112.—Illustrated Acrostic: Light-house. Egg. Teapot. Tie. Ear. Rose. Sun.

No. 113.—An Enigma of Spring: 1 to 5, maple; 6 to 12, arbutus; 13 to 19, dogwood; 20 to 26, cowslip; 27 to 31, bluet.

No. 114.—Hollow Squares:

| I. | II. | III. |
|---------|---------|---------|
| T O N E | L I O N | B E A R |
| N N R | O M E | |
| E D A | O A A | |
| R E E S | E T O N | L L U L |

No. 115.—Single Acrostic: Primals, violet. 1. Vegetable. 2. Infalible. 3. Oblation. 4. Lime. 5. Epoch. 6. Theorem.

No. 116.—Word Puzzles: Sark, spark; violet, violent; owl, bowl; cow, crow; witch, switch; cane, canoe; bow, brow; frost, forest; Bute, brute; Bacon, beacon.

No. 117.—Charade: Cast-a-net.

No. 118.—Sins to Be Discovered: 1. Absinth. 2. Wisconsin. 3. Moccasin. 4. Raisin. 5. Pepsin. 6. Tocsin.

A GOOD NATURED BOY.

Our little Leon was a lad
Whose heart was kind and true;
With play he oft was busy, for
He found so much to do.

Now, Leon's wagon (called express)
Was used by all the boys;
It was so strong and handsome and
The chief of all his toys.

His papa's lawn was overrun
By playmates great and small;
His toys were taken, lost or smashed,
But he cared not at all.

And when the big boys came to play
And promptly took command
He proudly did their bidding with
A willing heart and hand.

For if he lagged or protest made
And said, "I guess I won't,"
This direful threat soon conquered him:
"We'll go home if you don't!"

One day, with troubled look, he said,
"Why, boys, what can I play?"
For in the wagon one boy sat
In grand and proud array

And drove with whip and lash and strings
A four-in-hand of boys,
Who, prancing, stamping, kicking, made
A vast amount of noise.

They held a consultation; then,
With condescension kind,

They said, "You be the little colt
That runs along behind."

So down the dusty street they tear.
Each strives his best to do,
While whinnying, capering, far behind,
The little colt goes too.
—Cora Young Wiles in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Making Up.



EXTENDING THE PEACE OFFERING.

A Life Saving Dog.

How a mongrel "good for nothing" dog, a cur of the streets, saved a man's life was lately recorded by the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Louis Carr was painting the rear of a vacant house in Louisville. As the noon hour approached he was at work at the very top of his ladder, just under the eaves. Being in haste to finish his work and not wishing to spend time in going down to move the ladder he stretched as far as possible to one side. Just then he felt the ladder slipping away from him and, as the only means of saving himself, he dropped his brush and seized the gutter with both hands. Down went the ladder and there the painter hung, 35 feet from the ground.

He shouted for help, but no one heard him—no one but a dog, which came round the corner in answer to his cries.

Evidently the dog took in the situation at once. He barked furiously, winding up with a long howl. Then he ran out of the yard and across the street to a police station. There he barked again, and then ran back to the yard. He did this two or three times till the policeman began to see that something was the matter and followed him to the rear of the house.

Then it was but the work of a moment to put up the ladder and rescue the painter, who was ready to drop

from exhaustion.

No owner could be found for the dog, and Carr adopted him as his own.

A Boy Makes a Great Discovery.

A copy of the Lord's prayer has been found written upon a clay tablet in uncial Greek letters. It dates possibly from the second century and is certainly no later than the fourth century. It was discovered at Megara by a boy and purchased from him for a trifle for the museum at Athens, where it is now carefully preserved as a unique Christian document. This is the first clay tablet ever found with a Christian inscription upon it. There is no doubt as to the authenticity of the tablet, for boys do not forge documents of this character.

Where Ye Spankweed Grows.

There's a corner in our garden, but my nurse won't tell me where,
That little boys must never see, but always must beware,
And in that corner, all the year, in rows and rows and rows
A dreadful little flower called the

Spankweed

Grows!

My nurse says that if a boy who doesn't wash his face
Or pulls his little sister's hair should ever find that place,
The spankweed just would jump at him and dust his little clothes.

Oh, it's never safe for fellers where the

Spankweed

Grows!

Some day I'll get the sickle from our hired man, and then

I'll go and find that spankweed place; it's somewhere in the glen—

And when I get a-swingin' it and puttin' in my blows,

I bet there'll be excitement where the

Spankweed

Grows!

—Paul West in Life.

A Lesson For Time Wasters.

"What is the price of that book?" at length asked a man who had been dawdling for an hour in the front store of Benjamin Franklin's newspaper establishment. "One dollar," replied the clerk. "One dollar!" echoed the lounging. "Can't you take less than that?" "One dollar is the price," was the answer.

The would be purchaser looked over the books on sale awhile longer and then inquired, "Is Mr. Franklin in?" "Yes," said the clerk. "He is very busy in the pressroom." "Well, I want to see him," persisted the man. The proprietor was called, and the stranger asked, "What is the lowest, Mr. Franklin, that you can take for that book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the prompt rejoinder. "One dollar and a quarter! Why, your clerk asked me only one dollar just now." "True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar than to leave my work."

The man seemed surprised; but, wishing to end a parley of his own seeking, he demanded, "Well, come, now, tell me your lowest price for this book." "One dollar and a half," replied Franklin. "A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter." "Yes," said Franklin coolly, "and I could better have taken that price than a dollar and a half now."

The man silently laid the money on the counter, took his book and left the store, having received a salutary lesson from a master in the art of transmuting time at will into either wealth or wisdom.

Young Defenders.

In some of the New York schools they have a Young Defenders' league to help the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. They report cases of cruelty to horses, dogs, donkeys, cats, etc., to headquarters for investigation and punishment. In one of the schools the league was started by a boy who had been a torment to the teacher of every school he had passed through. He was the last one they expected to lead a reform movement. The way it came about was this: He was passing Madison square one afternoon when he saw a company of boys coming out of the S. P. C. A. building. On meeting they explained the league to him and asked him to join. He was told to get into line. He signed the card and had his badge pinned on, and the next day he began his work. He not only reported cases to the society, but induced twenty-five of the boys of his school to become members of the league. He seems to realize that a leader must be one the boys can look up to, for there is a marked change for the better in his deportment.

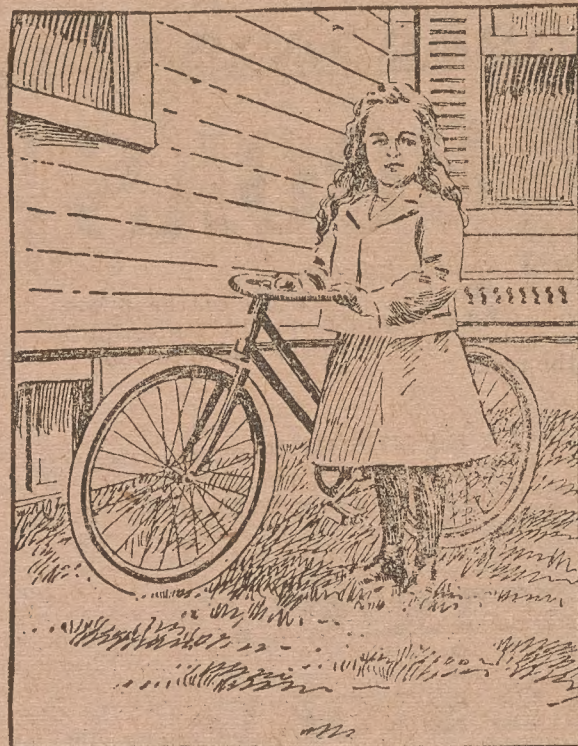
Would Revolutionize Ocean Travel.

To Europe in four days, without coal, at half the present expense for fuel to drive an ocean steamer, is what a Hoboken engineer claims for his new process of burning a very little petroleum with 85 per cent of redhot compressed air.

A Girl Cyclist.

Little Miss Evelyn Scott of Hyde Park is one of the youngest bicycle riders in Boston or vicinity.

She started to ride when she was three and a half years old, her father



EVELYN E. SCOTT.

teaching her in three or four evenings on the street in front of the house.

She has ridden the wheel a year and has perfect control of it, mounting, dismounting, riding with hands off the handle bars and performing several other little feats.—Boston Globe.

A RAINY DAYGAME.

There Is Lots of Fun In Playing "A Cargo of Syrian Wheat."

A funny game is called "A Cargo of Syrian Wheat." All the company sit around the room just as they happen to be. The leader comes in with a plate on which is a pile of little cards. On half of them is written "wheat." On the others is written "rice." The leader starts at the right side of the room and gives each person a ticket, at the same time saying:

"I have two ships which have just arrived. One comes from Syria with a load of wheat. The other one comes from Egypt with a load of rice. Pray take a sample and try if it will make good bread and good piloff."

When the tickets are all given out, the leader says:

"All who have samples of wheat will hold up their right hands."

They do this. Then he says:

"All who have samples of rice will hold down their left hands."

They do this. Then he says:

"Those who have wheat samples must change places so as to sit beside those with rice. You can choose your own partners."

This causes much confusion for a time, as each has probably a choice as to whom the partner should be. After they all get paired off there are nearly always two or three left over, all holding rice samples or wheat. These take seats together as surplus women. Then when quiet is restored the leader says:

"Now you have all received samples of the wheat and of the rice. You are to judge soberly and gravely of its merits. It is an important thing. Each must taste his own sample and that of his partner. No one is to let go of his own sample nor eat all that of his neighbor, and above all no one must laugh. Whoever does must pay a forfeit, which goes to compensate the surplus women for their superfluous selves. Now!"

Then each one gravely looks at his grain of wheat or rice (ticket) and then offers it to his or her partner, all the while holding the right hand up for wheat and the one with the rice holding the left one down stiffly. The partners gravely pretend to nibble and taste the offering and sign approval or disapproval, but no one must laugh. The whole performance is too funny for any one to be able to keep a straight face, and the result is that the surplus women get a lapful of forfeits. The wheat tickets are given to the men in some cases and the rice to the women, but it is perhaps better to hand them out haphazard, as that way there is more fun in it. Boys get both wheat and rice and therefore must often sit and solemnly feed each other.

They are at liberty to make remarks calculated to make others laugh, and sometimes they succeed. One boy asked another:

"Whose 'little birdie is 'oo?"

"W'y, 'oos 'ittle birdie," set everybody to laughing, including the owner of the two cargoes. OLIVE HARPER.

What's the Use?

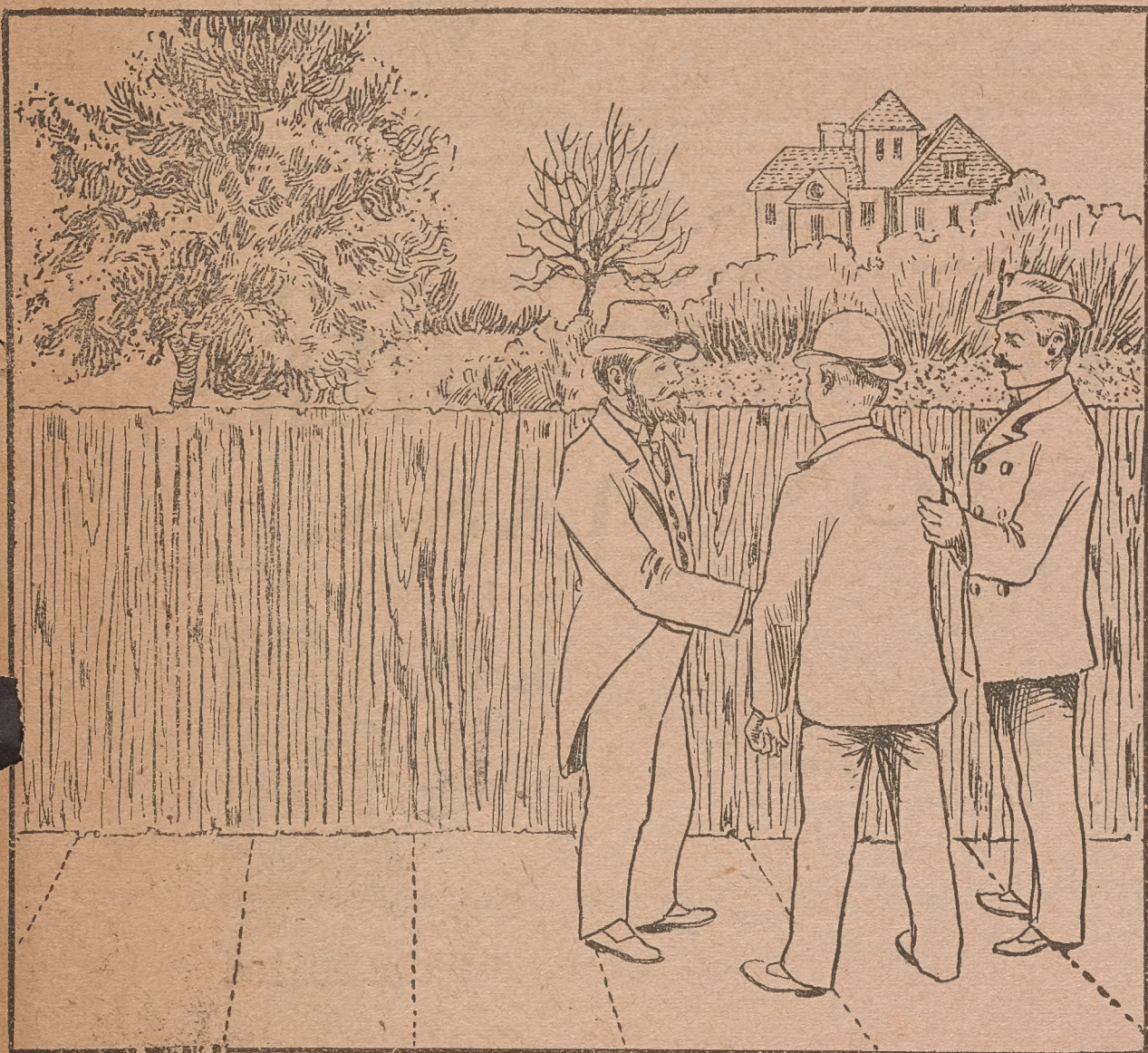
Johnny—Do they have elephants in Asia?

Papa—Oh, yes.

Johnny—Do they have circuses in Asia?

Papa—No-o; I think not.

Johnny—Well, what's the use of having elephants if they don't have circuses?



CAN YOU FIND THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO IS BEING INTRODUCED? IT IS IN THE PICTURE.



THESE CITIZENS ARE LOOKING FOR A MAN WHO VOTED ILLEGALLY. CAN YOU AID THEM TO FIND HIM?

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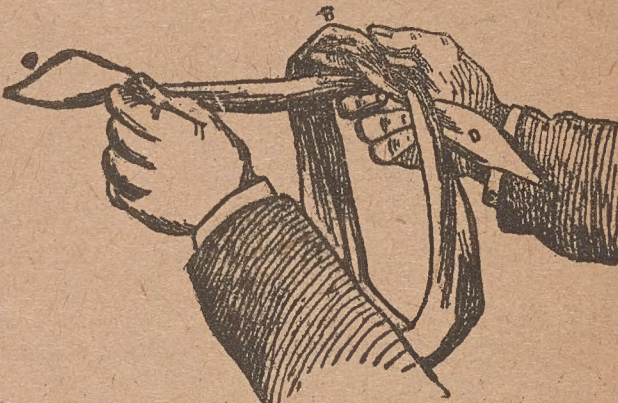
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